CHANGING INDIA



JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

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CHANGING INDIA

Edited by

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CALCUTTA

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1939

PREFATORY NOTE

The aim of the anthology is to give a comprehensive idea of the evolution of Indian thought in social, political and philosophical spheres during the past hundred years. It is our belief that this evolution has not been haphazard, but consistent and logical. Its general trend and logic seems to have been determined by an historical event of overwhelming significance—namely, the contact with the Western World. It is possible to discern three distinct phases of development in the course of this process. The first phase was one of bewildered admiration of the Western civilization and a tendency towards imitation of all its elements, regardless of their intrinsic worth. This was naturally followed by a period of hostility and resistance to everything connected with the European culture. The contemporary phase will be seen to have brought a more correct perspective and understanding.

On the intellectual plane, the process of reorientation has been twofold. On the one hand, the Western influence has enlarged the horizon of the Indian mind, opened up fresh channels of thought, and given us a more objective bias. On the other, it has served as a challenge and emphasized the need of reassessing our past and discovering in it those threads which can fruitfully be pursued under the exigencies of our own times. Thus in spite of radical readjustments which have had to be made, a great measure of cultural continuity has been maintained.

The anthology begins with Raja Rammohun Roy, the first of the moderns; it ends with Jawaharlal Nehru who is unquestionably the most significant personality among the younger generation of Indian leaders. We have followed

a chronological sequence in the arrangement of the writings. This is because we feel that the chronological order synchronizes more or less closely with the curve of intellectual development.

R. R. AND I. S.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We gratefully acknowledge the following permissions:—

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. (London) for extracts from Maharshi Devendranath Tagore's *Autobiography*, and Rabindranath Tagore's *Sadhana* and *Reminiscences*; Advaita Ashram (Almora, India) for extracts from Swami Vivekananda's works; Messrs. George Allen and Unwin for extracts from Mahatma Gandhi's *Ideas, Own Story* and *At Work* (edited by C. F. Andrews), Sir S. Radhakrishnan's *An Idealist View of Life*, and Jawaharlal Nehru's *India and the World*; Messrs. Watts & Co. (London) for extracts from Dr. R. P. Paranjpye's *The Crux of the Indian Problem*; The Oxford University Press for extracts from Sir Mohammad Iqbal's *Six Lectures on the Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*; The Star Publishing Trust for extracts from the works of J. Krishnamurti; Messrs. John Lane for The Epilogue from Jawaharlal Nehru's *Autobiography*, and Messrs. Kitabistan (Allahabad, India) for a sketch from his *Eighteen Months in India*.

We are personally indebted to Sri Aurobindo Ghose and Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy for permission to use extracts from their writings. Further, our thanks are due to the Hon. C. Rajagopalachari for extracts from his *Jail Diary*. Finally, we should like to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation for the co-operation from the staff of the India House Library.

R. R. and I. S.

RAJA RAMMOHUN ROY

the bounds of Hindustan, with a feeling of great aversion to the establishment of the British power in India. When I had reached the age of twenty, my father recalled me, and restored me to his favour; after which I first saw and began to associate with Europeans, and soon after made myself tolerably acquainted with their laws and form of government. Finding them generally more intelligent, more steady and moderate in their conduct, I gave up my prejudice against them, and became inclined in their favour, feeling persuaded that their rule, though a foreign yoke, would lead more speedily and surely to the amelioration of the native inhabitants; and I enjoyed the confidence of several of them even in their public capacity. My continued controversies with the Brahmins on the subject of their idolatry and superstition, and my interference with their custom of burning widows, and other pernicious practices, revived and increased their animosity against me; and through their influence with my family, my father was again obliged to withdraw his countenance openly, though his limited pecuniary support was still continued to me.

After my father's death I opposed the advocates of idolatry with still greater boldness. Availing myself of the art of printing, now established in India, I published various works and pamphlets against their errors, in the native and foreign languages. This raised such a feeling against me, that I was at last deserted by every person except two or three Scotch friends, to whom, and the nation to which they belong, I always feel grateful.

The ground which I took in all my controversies was not that of opposition to *Brahminism:* but to a *perversion* of it; and I endeavoured to show that the idolatry of the Brahmins was contrary to the practice of their ancestors, and the principles of the ancient books and authorities which they profess to revere and obey. Notwithstanding the violence of

the opposition and resistance to my opinions, several highly respectable persons, both among my own relations and others, began to adopt the same sentiments.

I now felt a strong wish to visit Europe, and obtain, by personal observation, a more thorough insight into its manners, customs, religion, and political institutions. I refrained, however, from carrying this intention into effect until the friends who coincided in my sentiments should be increased in number and strength. My expectations having been at length realized, in November 1830 I embarked for England, as the discussion of the East India Company's charter was expected to come on, by which the treatment of the natives of India, and its future government, would be determined for many years to come, and an appeal to the King in Council, against the abolition of the practice of burning widows, was to be heard before the Privy Council; and his Majesty the Emperor of Delhi had likewise commissioned me to bring before the authorities in England certain encroachments on his rights by the East India Company. I accordingly arrived in England in April, 1831.

II

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A MISSIONARY AND THREE CHINESE CONVERTS

Missionary: How many Gods are there, my brethren?

1st Convert: Three.

2nd Convert: Two.

3rd Convert: None.

Missionary: Horrid! These answers are from the Devil.

All: We know not where you got the religion which you have taught us, but thus you have taught us.

Missionary: Blasphemers!

All: We have heard you with patience, nor ever thought of crying out against you, how much so ever you surprised us by your doctrine.

Missionary (Recovering himself and addressing the 1st Convert): Come, come, recollect: how can you imagine that there are three Gods?

1st Convert: You told me there was God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, and by my Swanpan I find that one and one and one are three.

Missionary: O! I see your blunder. You remember but half the lesson. I told you also that these Three are One.

1st Convert: I know you did, but I thought you had forgotten yourself, and concluded that you spoke the truth at first.

Missionary: O no! You must believe not only that there are Three persons, each God, and equal in power and glory, but also that these Three are One.

1st Convert: That is impossible. In China we do not believe contradictions.

Missionary: Brother! It is a mystery.

1st Convert: What is that, pray?

Missionary: It is—it is—I know not what to say to you, except that it is something which you cannot possibly comprehend.

1st Convert (smiling): And is it this that you have been sent 10,000 miles to teach?

Missionary: O the power of carnal reason! Surely, some Socinian has been doing the Devil's work in China. But (turning to the 2nd convert) how could you imagine there are two Gods?

2nd Convert: I thought there were many more till you came and lessened the number.

Missionary: Have I ever told you that there are two Gods? (*Aside*) The stupidity of this people makes me almost despair.

2nd Convert: True, you have not said in so many words that there are two Gods, but you have said what implies it.

Missionary: Then you have been tempted to reason upon this mystery?

2nd Convert: We Chinese are wont to put things together, and to come at truth by comparison. Thus you said there were three persons that were each perfect God, and then you said that one of these persons died in one of the countries of the West, a long while ago; and I therefore concluded the present number to be two.

Missionary: Astonishing depravity! O the depths of Satan! It is in vain to reason with these poor benighted creatures. But (addressing the 3rd convert) perverse as your two brethren are, you appear worse than they: what can you possibly mean by answering that there are no Gods?

3rd Convert: I heard you talk of three, but I paid more particular attention to what you said on the point of there

being only one. This I could understand; the other I could not; and as my belief never reaches above my understanding (for you know I am no learned Mandarin) I set it down in my mind that there was but one God, and that you take your name of Christian from him.

Missionary: There is something in this; but I am more and more astonished at your answer—"none."

3rd Convert (taking up the Swanpan): Here is one. I remove it. There is none.

Missionary: How can this apply?

3rd Convert: Our minds are not like yours in the West, or you would not ask me. You told me again and again, that there never was but one God, that Christ was the true God, and that a nation of merchants living at the head of the Arabian gulf, put him to death upon a tree, about eighteen hundred years ago. Believing you, what other answer could I give than "None"?

Missionary: I must pray for you, for you all deny the true faith, and living and dying thus, you will without doubt perish everlastingly.

1st Convert: Cong-foo-tse, our revered master, says that bad temper always turns reason out of doors, and that when men begin to curse, the Good Spirit of the universe abandons their hearts.

2nd Convert: You must be angry with yourself and not with us, for you have been teaching us at different times doctrines as contradictory as those of Cong-foo-tse and Buddha. The immortal emperor Sinchong has said that he is not to be numbered with wise men, not to have a name in the hall of ancestors, who undertakes a voyage without making up his mind to its purpose, and preparing himself to give a clear and kind answer to the question of a stranger.

3rd Convert: These rebukes are just: but Ter-whangtee says, in his golden words, that mirth is better than rice. You

came, it seems, to bring us a new riddle; but while we thank you, we beg to inform you that Kienlong, our late celestial emperor, has supplied us with a plentiful store, much more entertaining than yours; and when you can read as well as speak our divine language, we recommend to you his delectable history of the Mantchoo Tartar, that pretended to be inspired by the Grand Lama, but could never be made to comprehend the Swanpan.

III

A LETTER ON ENGLISH EDUCATION

To His Excellency the Right Honorable Lord Amherst, Governor-General in Council

My Lord,

Humbly reluctant as the natives of India are to obtrude upon the notice of Government the sentiments they entertain on any public measure, there are circumstances when silence would be carrying this respectful feeling to culpable excess. The present rulers of India, coming from a distance of many thousand miles to govern a people whose language, literature, manners, customs, and ideas, are almost entirely new and strange to them, cannot easily become so intimately acquainted with their real circumstances as the natives of the country are themselves. We should therefore be guilty of a gross dereliction of duty to ourselves and afford our rulers just grounds of complaint at our apathy, did we omit on occasions of importance like the present, to supply them with such accurate information as might enable them to devise and adopt measures calculated to be beneficial to the country, and thus second by our local knowledge and experience their declared benevolent intentions for its improvement.

The establishment of a new Sanskrit School in Calcutta evinces the laudable desire of Government to improve the natives of India by education—a blessing for which they must ever be grateful, and every well-wisher of the human race must be desirous that the efforts made to promote it, should be guided by the most enlightened principles, so that the stream of intelligence may flow in the most useful channels.

When this seminary of learning was proposed, we under-

stood that the Government in England had ordered a considerable sum of money to be annually devoted to the instruction of its Indian subjects. We were filled with sanguine hopes that this sum would be laid out in employing European gentlemen of talent and education to instruct the natives of India in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Anatomy, and other useful sciences, which the natives of Europe have carried to a degree of perfection that has raised them above the inhabitants of other parts of the world.

While we looked forward with pleasing hope to the dawn of knowledge, thus promised to the rising generation, our hearts were filled with mingled feelings of delight and gratitude, we already offered up thanks to Providence for inspiring the most generous and enlightened nations of the West with the glorious ambition of planting in Asia the arts and sciences of Modern Europe.

We find that the Government are establishing a Sanskrit school under Hindu Pundits to impart such knowledge as is already current in India. This seminary (similar in character to those which existed in Europe before the time of Lord Bacon) can only be expected to load the minds of youth with grammatical niceties and metaphysical distinctions of little or no practical use to the possessors or to society. The pupils will there acquire what was known two thousand years ago with the addition of vain and empty subtleties since then produced by speculative men, such as is already commonly taught in all parts of India.

The Sanskrit language, so difficult that almost a lifetime is necessary for its acquisition, is well known to have been for ages a lamentable check to the diffusion of knowledge, and the learning concealed under this almost impervious veil, is far from sufficient to reward the labour of acquiring it. But if it were thought necessary to perpetuate this language for the sake of the portion of valuable information it contains, this

might be much more easily accomplished by other means than the establishment of a new Sanskrit College, for there have been always and are now numerous professors of Sanskrit in the different parts of the country engaged in teaching this language, as well as the other branches of literature which are to be the object of the new seminary. Therefore their more diligent cultivation, if desirable, would be effectually promoted, by holding out premiums and granting certain allowances to their most eminent professors, who have already undertaken on their own account to teach them, and would by such rewards be stimulated to still greater exertion.

From these considerations, as the sum set apart for the instruction of the natives of India was intended by the Government in England for the improvement of its Indian subjects, I beg leave to state, with due deference to your Lordship's exalted situation, that if the plan now adopted be followed, it will completely defeat the object proposed, since no improvement can be expected from inducing young men to consume a dozen of years of the most valuable period of their lives, in acquiring the niceties of Baikaran or Sanskrit Grammar, for instance, in learning to discuss such points as the following: *khada:* signifying to eat, *khadati* he or she or it eats; query, whether does *khadati* taken as a whole convey the meaning he, she or it eats, or are separate parts of this meaning conveyed by distinctions of the words, as if in the English language it were asked how much meaning is there in the *eat* and how much in the *s*, and is the whole meaning of the word conveyed by these two portions of it distinctly or by them taken jointly?

Neither can much improvement arise from such speculations as the following which are the themes suggested by the Vedanta—in what manner is the soul absorbed in the Deity? What relation does it bear to the Divine Essence? Nor will youths be fitted to be better members of society

by the Vedantic doctrines which teach them to believe, that all visible things have no real existence, that as father, brother, etc., have no actual entity, they consequently deserve no real affection, and therefore the sooner we escape from them and leave the world the better.

Again, no essential benefit can be derived by the student of the *Mimansa* from knowing what it is that makes the killer of a goat sinless by pronouncing certain passages of the Vedanta and what is the real nature and operative influence of passages of the Vedas, etc.

The student of the Naya Shastra cannot be said to have improved his mind after he has learned from it into how many ideal classes the objects in the universe are divided and what speculative relation the soul bears to the body, the body to the soul, the eye to the ear, etc.

In order to enable your Lordship to appreciate the utility of encouraging such imaginary learning as above characterized, I beg your Lordship will be pleased to compare the state of science and literature in Europe before the time of Lord Bacon with the progress of knowledge made since he wrote.

If it had been intended to keep the British nation in ignorance of real knowledge, the Baconian philosophy would not have been allowed to displace the system of the schoolmen which was the best calculated to perpetuate ignorance. In the same manner the Sanskrit system of education would be the best calculated to keep this country in darkness, if such had been the policy of the British legislature. But as the improvement of the native population is the object of the Government, it will consequently promote a more liberal and enlightened system of instruction, embracing Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Anatomy, with other useful sciences, which may be accomplished with the sums proposed by employing a few gentlemen of talent and

learning educated in Europe and providing a College furnished with necessary books, instruments, and other apparatus.

In presenting this subject to your Lordship, I conceive myself discharging a solemn duty which I owe to my countrymen, and also to that enlightened sovereign and legislature which have extended their benevolent care to this distant land, actuated by a desire to improve the inhabitants, and therefore humbly trust you will excuse the liberty I have taken in thus expressing my sentiments to your Lordship.

I have the honour, etc.

RAMMOHUN ROY.

MAHARSHI DEVENDRANATH TAGORE

MAHARSHI DEVENDRANATH TAGORE

(1817–1905)

Of the two tendencies that dominate the Indian scene since her contact with Europe, there is one looking forward to the West, and the other going back to our roots for inspiration; Raja Rammohun Roy represents the first and Devendranath Tagore the second category of thought. Though Devendranath Tagore's father was a progressive, and closely associated with the Brahmo Samaj of Raja Rammohun Roy, and despite the fact that Devendranath Tagore himself was to be the first organizer of the Brahmo movement, giving it new life and stability, he went back to the Vedas to find the essential basis of his religious thought. He was conservative of temperament, and found it difficult to fight against our age-old customs, but he was sensitive enough and firm enough to break away from such practices as seemed to him to be corruptive of the spiritual ideals of life. We include here two chapters from his *Autobiography*. The first describes his reaction to the horrible rituals at death-bed which he witnessed when he was a boy, and which was to change his philosophy of life. Later he was to leave the luxurious home of the Tagores and retire into a small estate near Bolpur now known as Santiniketan, the Centre of his son Rabindranath Tagore's International University. Devendranath Tagore spent hours in meditation, and was revered by all as a *Maharshi*, a great Saint. His chief publications are:

Brahma Dharma Grantha. (Bengali.)
Brahma Dharma Vykhyan. (Bengali.)
Autobiography. (Bengali.)

I

DEATH OF MY GRANDMOTHER

My grandmother was very fond of me. To me, also, she was all in all during the days of my childhood. My sleeping, sitting, eating, all were at her side. Whenever she went to Kalighat[1] I used to accompany her. I cried bitterly when she went to Jagannath Kshetra[2] and Brindaban[3] leaving me behind. She was a deeply religious woman. Every day she used to bathe in the Ganges very early in the morning; and every day she used to weave garlands of flowers with her own hands for the *Shaligram*.[4] Sometimes she used to take a vow of solar adoration, giving offerings to the sun from sunrise to sunset. On these occasions I also used to be with her on the terrace in the sun; and constantly hearing the *mantras* (texts) of the sun-worship repeated, they became quite familiar to me.

> I salute the bringer of day, red as the Java flower:
> Radiant son of Kashyapa,
> Enemy of Darkness,
> Destroyer of all sins.

At other times Didima[5] used to hold a *Haribasar*[6] festival, and the whole night there was *Katha* and *Kirtan*,[7] the noise of which would not let us sleep.

[1] The temple of Kali in Calcutta.
[2] The famous temple of Jagannath in Puri.
[3] A famous place of pilgrimage.
[4] A round black stone, symbol of Vishnu, and used in the daily family worship.
[5] Grandmother.
[6] A Vaishnavite festival, in which a whole day and night is spent in adoration of God.
[7] Recitations and religious songs.

She used to look after the whole household, and do much of the work with her own hands. Owing to her skill in housekeeping, all domestic concerns worked smoothly under her guidance. After everybody had taken their meals, she would eat food cooked by herself; I too had a share in her *havishyanna.*[1] And this *prasad*[2] of hers was more to my taste than the food prepared for myself. She was as lovely in appearance as she was skilled in her work, and steadfast in her religious faith. But she had no liking for the frequent visits of the *Ma-Gosain.*[3] There was a certain freedom of mind in her, together with her blind faith in religion. I used to accompany her to our old family house to see *Gopinath Thakur.*[4] But I did not like to leave her and go to the outer apartments. I would sit in her lap and watch everything, quietly, from the window. Now my Didima is no more. But after how long, and after how much seeking, have I now found the Didima that is hers also; and, seated on Her lap, am watching the pageant of this world.

Some days before her death Didima said to me, "I will give all I have to you, and nobody else." Shortly after this she gave me the key of her box. I opened it and found some rupees and gold *mohurs,* whereupon I went about telling every one I had got *mudi-mudki.*[5] In the year 1757 Shaka (1242 B.S.)[6], when Didima was on her death-bed, my father had gone on a journey to Allahabad. The *vaidya*[7] came and said that the patient should not be kept in the house any

[1] A simple diet of rice and vegetables, boiled together in one pot and eaten with clarified butter and salt. This is prescribed for those who intend to live a spiritual life.

[2] Food, sanctified by having been previously offered to the gods or some venerated person.

[3] Priestess of the Vaishnavites.

[4] The family idol.

[5] Rice parched and rice sweetened with treacle—hence white and gold coloured.

[6] Bengali Calendar

[7] Physician.

longer; so they brought my grandmother out into the open, in order to take her to the banks of the Ganges.[1] But Didima still wanted to live; she did not wish to go to the Ganges. She said, "If Dwarkanath had been at home, you would never have been able to carry me away." But they did not listen to her, and proceeded with her to the river-side. She said, "As you are taking me to the Ganges against my wish, so will I too give you great trouble; I am not going to die soon." She was kept in a tiled shed on the banks of the Ganges, where she remained living for three nights. During this time I was always there with her, by the river.

On the night before Didima's death I was sitting at Nimtola Ghat[2] on a coarse mat near the shed. It was the night of the full moon; the moon had risen, the burning ground was near. They were singing the Holy Name to Didima:

> Will such a day ever come, that while uttering the name of Hari, life will leave me?[3]

The sounds reached my ears faintly, borne on the night-wind; at this opportune moment a strange sense of the unreality of all things suddenly entered my mind. I was as if no longer the same man. A strong aversion to wealth arose within me. The coarse bamboo-mat on which I sat seemed to be my fitting seat, carpets and costly spreadings seemed hateful. In my mind was awakened a joy unfelt before. I was then eighteen years old.

[1] To die on the banks of the sacred Ganges was desired by the religious. Hence the practice of taking a person whose last moments had come to the banks of the Ganges.

[2] The principal cremating ground in Calcutta.

[3] "Hari," one of the names of the Deity regarded in His personal aspect: somewhat equivalent to the Christian "Lord."

II

THE MUTINY IN THE HIMALAYAS

On the 1st day of Jaishtha news came to Simla that owing to the mutiny of the sepoys, a terrible massacre had taken place at Delhi and Meerut. On the 2nd Jaishtha, the Commander-in-Chief, General Arson, after having clean-shaved himself, mounted a country pony and rode up to Simla. There was a Gurkha regiment stationed very close to Simla, and on his way he ordered their captain to disarm them. The Gurkhas were innocent, and had no connection whatever with the sepoys. The sahibs imagined that black sepoys were all one, and thoughtlessly ordered the Gurkhas to be disarmed. As soon as the captain ordered the Gurkhas to lay down their arms, they thought themselves insulted and dishonoured. They thought they were going to be disarmed first and then blown to pieces by cannon; and with this idea they all became united in thought and deed, for fear of their lives. They disobeyed the captain, and did not lay down their guns. Moreover, they secured and bound the English officers, and came to attack Simla on the 3rd Jaishtha.

At this news the Bengalis of Simla began to fly with their families in fear and terror. The Mussulmans of the place thought that they were going to regain their supremacy. A tall, white Irani with a huge beard came from somewhere or other, and in order to please me said, "They have made the Mussulmans eat pork and the Hindus eat cows; we shall see now what becomes of the Feringhees." A Bengali came up to me and said, "You were safe and sound at home; why did you come here amidst all this trouble? We have never seen such a disturbance before." I said, "I am alone, there is no fear for me. But those who are here with their

families, it is for them I am anxious. Their danger is great."

The Englishmen of the place, in order to defend Simla, assembled on a high hill with their ladies, and sat guards all round it. But instead of looking to their guns, they gave themselves up to drinking, merry-making, shouting, and boasting. It was Lord Hay, the cool-headed and able Commissioner of the place, who saved Simla. When the gunfire announced the arrival of the Gurkha troops in Simla, he, dismissing all fear for his own life, appeared hat in hand salaaming before that body of soldiers, who were like a herd of wild elephants without a driver; appeased them with soft words of assurance, and put them in charge of the Treasury and other offices with a trustful heart. The sahibs were highly indignant with Lord Hay for this, and said, "Lord Hay has not acted wisely, he has placed our lives and property and honour all at the mercy of our rebellious enemies, and has cast a slur on the British name by showing such weakness to them. If he had left it to us, we would have driven them away."

A Bengali came and said to me, "Sir, though the Gurkhas have got all their rights, yet they are not appeased. They are abusing the English right and left." I said, "They have no shepherd, they are soldiers without a captain; let them rave, they will soon cool down." But the sahibs were quite overcome with fear, and in their despair they determined that since the Gurkhas had occupied Simla flight was the only means of saving their lives; and to this end they began flying from Simla. At midday I saw many Englishmen running in terror down the *khud* without *jhampan* or *dandi*, or horse, or escort of any kind. Who was there to help or look after any one else? All were taken up with their own safety. By evening Simla was quite deserted. That Simla which had been full of the sounds of men now became silent

and still. Its broad sky was filled only with the cawing of crows.

Since Simla had become empty of human beings, I too would have to go perforce to-day. Even if the Gurkhas did not molest us, yet the hillmen might come up from the *khud*, and rob us of everything. But where could bearers be found that day? I was not so frightened as to feel impelled to fly on foot from Simla if no bearers were to be had. At this juncture a dark, tall man with red eyes came up to me and said, "Do you want coolies?" I said, "Yes, I do." "How many?" "I want twenty." "Very well, I shall bring them; you must give me *backsheesh*," saying which he went away. In the meantime I engaged a dooly for myself. After dinner, I lay down in an anxious frame of mind. It was midnight when I heard cries of "Open the door, open the door," accompanied by a banging at the door. They made a great noise. My heart began to beat fast—I was seized with a great fear—perhaps the Gurkhas would take my life now. I opened the door in trepidation, and saw that the tall, dark man had come with twenty coolies, and was shouting for us. I was freed from all anxiety for my life. They slept in my room the whole night as my guard. God's mercy towards me was made plainly manifest.

Day broke, and I made ready to leave Simla. The coolies said they wouldn't go unless they got money in advance. In order to pay them I began calling out, "Kishori, Kishori"; but where was Kishori? The money for daily expenses was with him, and I had a box full of money with me. I had thought I would not show such a lot of money to the coolies. But there was no Kishori, and the coolies would not move without money. So I opened the box there and gave Rs. 3 to each, and Rs. 5 to the headman. At this moment Kishori turned up. "Where had you gone away at such a time of

danger?" I asked. He said, "A tailor wanted 4 annas too much for making my clothes, so it took a long time to settle with him."

I got into that dooly and set out for another hill called Dagshahi. After travelling the whole day, the coolies set me down in the evening near a waterfall, while they drank water and began to talk and laugh amongst themselves. Not being able to understand a word of their speech, I thought that perhaps they were conspiring to kill me, and take all the money. If they were to throw me down into the *khud* from this lonely forest, nobody would know. This proved, however to be only a false alarm of my own imagining. Having drank water and regained strength they put me down in a bazar at midnight; after passing the night there I again went on. Some loose silver and copper coins had fallen from my pocket on the bed, which the coolies picked up and brought to me. This inspired me with the greatest confidence in them.

I stayed on the hill-top that night, and left in the morning. That day the *jhampanis* travelled till noon, and then put down the *jhampan:* saying, "The road is broken, we can't go any farther." What was to be done? The hillside was a sheer ascent, without even a footpath. The road was broken, and beyond there lay only stones piled on stones. But in spite of the dangerous road I could not go back. I began to walk up that broken road over the stones; a man supporting me from behind by the waist. After trudging upwards like this for three hours, I came to the end of the broken road, and found a bungalow on the top. Inside there was a sofa, on which I lay down as soon as I got there. The *jhampanis* went to the village and brought me a cup of milk; but over-exertion had

taken away my appetite, and I could not drink it. As I had thrown myself on the sofa, so I lay the whole night, without rising once. In the morning I felt a little stronger; the *jhampanis* brought a cup of milk which I drank and then left the place. Going higher up I reached Narkhanda that day. This is a very high peak and I found it exceedingly cold.

The next morning, after taking some milk, I started on foot. Soon I came to a deep forest, through which the pathway led. Some broken rays of the sun pierced through the foliage and fell on the path, enhancing the beauty of the scenery. As I walked along I saw huge old uprooted trees lying prone here and there on the ground; many a young tree also had been burnt by the forest fire and destroyed ere its prime. After walking a long way, I got into the *ihampan* and penetrated farther into the forest. Looking through it as I ascended the hill, I could see only mighty trees covered with dense green foliage, without a single flower or fruit. Only on a certain kind·of big tree called the *kelu*,[1] a sort of ugly green fruit is to be seen, which even birds do not eat. But the various kinds of grass and plants that grow on the hillside are very beautiful, and countless flowers bloom there in profusion. White, red, yellow, blue, and gold, blossoms of all colours, attract the eye from all directions. The mark of God's most skilful hand seemed evident in the grace and beauty of these flowers, and their stainless purity. Though these did not possess a scent equal to their beauty, another, a kind of white rose, bloomed in bunches throughout the wilderness, and made the whole forest-land fragrant with perfume. These white roses were only a cluster of four petals. In some places the *chameli* (jasmine) also gave forth its scent. Here and there the small fruit of the strawberry shone like bits of red stone. A servant who was with me gave me the flowering branch of a creeper. I had never seen such a

[1] The Himalayan fir.

beautiful flowering creeper before. My eyes were opened, and my heart expanded; I saw the Universal Mother's hand resting on those small white blossoms. Who was there in this forest to inhale the scent of these flowers or see their beauty? Yet with what loving care had she endowed them with sweet scent and loveliness, moistened them with dew, and set them upon the creeper! Her mercy and tenderness became manifest in my heart. Lord! when such is Thy compassion for these little flowers, what must be the extent of Thy mercy for us?

Thy mercy will endure in my heart and soul for ever and ever.
Thy mercy has pierced my soul so deeply, that even though I were to lose my head, it would never depart from within my heart.

I repeated this verse of Hafiz aloud the whole day on my way, and remained steeped in the waters of His mercy till evening, when shortly before sunset I reached a peak called Sunghri. How and when the day passed away I knew not. From this high peak I was enchanted with the beauty of two mountain ranges facing each other. One of the hills contained a deep forest, the abode of bears and suchlike wild animals. Another hill was coloured gold from top to bottom with ripe fields of wheat. Scattered upon it at long distances were villages consisting of ten or twelve huts grouped together, shining in the sun. Some hills, again, were covered with short grasses from head to foot. Other hills, by their very nakedness, heightened the beauty of their wooded neighbours. Each mountain was standing serenely in the pride of its own majesty, without fear of any one. But the wayfarers on its bosom were in a state of continual fear, like the servants of a king—one false step meant destruction. The sun set, and darkness began gradually to steal across the earth. Still I sat alone on that peak. From afar the twinkling lights here and there upon the hills alone gave evidence of human habitation.

SYED AHMED KHAN

SYED AHMED KHAN

(1817–1898)

Mahommedan educationalist and social reformer. From the very start of his public career he tried to impress upon his community the necessity of studying western culture. It was with this end in view that he established a translation society which eventually became the Scientific Society of Aligarh. His efforts to awaken his co-religionists to the need for modern education resulted in the foundation of the Mahommedan Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh in 1873, which was later to develop into Aligarh University. A man of untiring energy and enthusiasm, he was the first leading Indian Muslim to visit Europe (1869). His letters from Europe, extracts from which are published here, reveal a highly eager and impressionable mind. His principal works are:

Essays on Mohammed.
Archaeological History of Delhi.

I

LETTER FROM PARIS

At 7.30 a.m. on May 2nd (1869) we reached Paris, and remained there for a couple of days. Hotel commissionaires were present, as at Marseilles; and on mentioning the Hotel Meurice, at which I intended to stay, they brought up two carriages, and we drove to the hotel. The coachmen asked me some questions in French, which, of course, was Greek to me; and it was just the same with him when I spoke to him in Urdu or English. I was not much struck with the architectural beauty of Hotel Meurice. The dining-room and the uniform of the servants were not as fine as those I had seen in the hotel at Marseilles. As it was Sunday we did not trouble to go out. This was a mistake, because contrary to what we had thought, in Paris all the shops and public places are open on Sunday.

There is a broad square in front of our hotel, seemingly miles in extent, with a delightful entrance, and splendid iron railings all round. Inside are canals, ponds, and fountains; life-size sculptures, flower-beds, lovely walks, handsome trees, and beautiful green lawns. The place is daily crowded with well-dressed men, women and children. Refreshments are procurable. I walked through the park, blessed my good fortune, and told the commissionaire to take me to some other beauties. He said: "Let us go to Versailles, which is open to-day, this being the first Sunday of the month. It is well worth a visit." We walked with him; but as I had already done a lot of walking I was tired. As I passed through streets and bazaars, however, my wonder increased, and I felt no fatigue at times. I do not know how far we walked, but saying, "O God, O God!" we passed into an enormous

building. There was a great crowd, which all made for another door. The commissionaire went to get tickets and then asked us to follow him. I thought the door we were going through led into Versailles, when, much to my surprise, I found myself in a splendid railway station, with a train ready to start. I felt quite angry, as I had been travelling the whole of the previous night, and was exhausted by the long walk, I cannot tell how angry I was, and how disinclined to enter the train. But I soon forgot all my irritation when I saw the beauties of the landscape through which the train took us. I was so delighted that I was prepared to travel any distance.

On arriving at Versailles we descended, and after going a short distance from the station, we found a locked iron gate, through which I saw houses, lovely gardens laid out with flowers, canals, ponds, and fountains. I knew then that this was the famous palace in which former kings of France used to reside, and which is still kept up as it was in olden days. It is opened on the first Sunday of every month to afford the public an opportunity of seeing its beauties. The site of this royal palace was once a great open plain. King Louis XIII was one day hunting and came here by chance. The air of the plain pleased him greatly; so he built a hunting lodge on it. In A.D. 1632 he built a small palace, the architect being the famous Lemercier. Louis XIV started building another palace in 1682, Mansard and Gabriel were the architects, and the palace remains to this day a monument of their skill.

As we entered the gates I thought we were in some heavenly palace. I was astounded at the lovely lakes, canals, and fountains; animals' heads from which water was sprouting; the trees and shrubs exquisitely trimmed in places and in others growing naturally; sculptured figures of stone and marble; and wondrous gardens scintillating with flowers. The famous

canal in the Delhi Fort, which flowed from the private audience-chamber to the picture-gallery; the Mehtab Bagh pond, from the banks of which 360 fountains played of old; the palace and fountains of Deeg, Bharatpur, are undoubtedly far inferior to Versailles. But even in Versailles there is nothing to match the lovely Taj and its minarets—that monument of grace and honour to our ancient architecture.

After walking about the gardens we entered the palace, and were struck with the splendour and size of the rooms. I rubbed my eyes to see if it was not a dream, and the figures on the canvas not living ones. My heart told me they were only pictures, but on looking at them carefully I could not believe it. Throughout the palace the paintings are simply matchless. Among others, there are the works of Lebrun and other celebrated French painters. The King's picture-gallery, containing thirteen rooms, is a splendid work of art. It contains 130 full-length pictures. There are pictures representing the victories of Napoleon the Great, the figures in them being all life-size. In the gallery called the "Crusade," there are pictures of all the battles fought in the Crusades. Above it is another gallery containing pictures of battles fought in Algiers. In a huge chamber 373 feet long, 42 feet broad, and the same height, all the various French battles are depicted. I really cannot describe their beauties, and the lifelike fidelity with which the figures of the soldiers and of the wounded, with their bleeding wounds, are vividly drawn. It is not merely a picture-gallery, but a means of stimulating the courage of the nation. There is no doubt that they inspire the French race with heroism. There was only one thing which militated against French valour and civilization; and when I observed it, I was extremely surprised that such a brave and gallant people, accomplished as they are in arts and sciences, should have been guilty of such bad taste. In the gallery containing the pictures of the battles of Algiers,

there is one depicting the capture of the women of Abdul Kadir's family by the French. The women are shown on camels, with the French soldiers throwing them off their mounts. The bodies of the women are partially naked, and the French have bayonets in their hands as though they were going to kill them. Was it right or proper for the French to hang up in their palace a picture of women being taken prisoners? Was the drawing of bayonets on helpless women, or forcibly throwing them down off the camels, worthy of being thus handed down to posterity? Was it worthy of the French civilization to depict naked women even although this may have actually been the case?

After seeing all the wonders of Versailles we returned by rail to Paris. The next day we again sallied out on foot to see the shops in Richelieu, Rivoli, St. Honoré, and other streets. After lunch we went in a carriage and pair, and told the commissionaire that we did not want to get out anywhere, and that he was to take us round to see the sights. I cannot remember the French names of the various places we drove past—every street, every shop, and every building was like a picture. Their cleanliness was such that not even a bit of straw was to be seen. Doubtless people will think that such praise is exaggerated, but I assure my readers it is not. Thousands—sometimes hundreds of thousands—throng the street, which are also full of buggies, chariots, cabs, omnibuses, carts. Notwithstanding such heavy traffic not a trace of dirt is to be seen. Horse-refuse or other dirt was swept up immediately. We saw a sweeping-machine at work in the streets drawn by two horses, the brush being two or three yards long, and all the filth being swept into an inner and hidden receptacle in the machine. Besides this, there were a number of men stationed to sweep the streets. There were numerous handsome gas-lamps on the streets, at short distances from each other, whilst the shop-lights were simply countless.

There is no difference in Paris as regards light between the day and the night. The police arrangements seemed admirable —well-dressed, silent, and good-looking constables being stationed every two hundred yards. People who did not know their way to shops and houses applied to them, and they invariably replied most kindly and politely, and were always thanked by their questioners. I cannot describe the number of military that I saw in Paris. Every two hours or so a detachment of troops would pass by—well dressed, and neat and clean. I hear that the Emperor Napoleon is very fond of his army, and that his men reciprocate the feeling.

The streets of Paris are extremely broad. Their charm is beyond description. The Boulevards of Sebastopol and Temple are broader than usual, and are bordered by shady trees and seats. The municipal arrangements are so excellent that if municipal commissioners be required in Heaven, the Paris commissioners are undoubtedly the best fitted for the posts.

Notre Dame Cathedral is well worth a visit. I saw it from the carriage, and it is certainly a splendid and beautiful edifice. Its interior is probably still more beautiful. The Elysee Palace, which is the residence of the Emperor, I saw from a distance. Its pillars, fountains and lovely lakes—pictures of which I had seen and admired in the hall of our scientific society at Aligarh—I now saw before me. The fountains play day and night, and are indescribably beautiful. Looking at them one feels inclined never to take one's eyes off them.

We drove out of the city proper, but the same splendid houses still continued. The present Emperor built a wall, a moat, and forts round the city proper; but owing to the great increase in the population, the people overflowed into the suburbs, and there are as many inhabitants in them as in the city proper. After driving some miles we came upon a park,

which was really a bit of heaven, miles in length, with lovely roads and flowers, and umbrageous trees trimmed so as to be all of one size, handsome iron benches and seats, and several lakes which looked as natural as possible, although they are, in fact, artificial. Wherever we looked we saw a wide expanse of green covered with flowers. Thousands of people come here daily, the wealthy in well-appointed equipages, and the carriages are drawn up in a drive specially made for this purpose. The people walk about. There are feeding-places even for the horses. Here the animals are rubbed and fed; carriages are cleaned; and when the owner has finished his walk, he finds a clean carriage, and sleek, well-groomed, and well-fed horses ready for him.

From seeing this assembly, and from being in French hotels, I have come to the conclusion that the French are the best-dressed and the best-fed people in the world. In one part of this park we came upon a natural lake, with the same arrangement for watering horses as just described. Close to it is a very fine building in which pedestrians can sit and call for anything to eat and drink, sit at their ease, and enjoy their refreshments. This house, built at a cost of lakhs of rupees, is the property of a company. When our carriage drew up close to it, a splendid liveried servant came forward, bowed, opened the door, and we got down. I thanked the waiter with the only French words I knew, which I had picked up at the hotel in Marseilles—"*S'il vous plait!*" We walked round the lake. In the middle of the park there is an artificial hill in which a cave has been dug so that it is impossible to say whether the hill is natural or man-made. On the hill there are large trees and there are cascades and waterfalls in the cavern. Paths lead to the top of the hill. I was enchanted with all that I saw and cannot describe its fascination. We stayed there a long while, and remembered the Almighty God. Wonderful are his creations.

Not far off was a very fine race-course which we visited. We went in to see the Grand Stand, which is a wooden construction. A pump was at work close by, driven by a windmill, and attended to by a man and his wife, who live in a small hut near by. Their manners made me blush, for those of my countrymen. Wishing to see the Grand Stand, I asked by signs his permission to walk up and he at once —seeing that I was a tourist—most politely accompanied me and showed me everything. I thanked him, and we drove back late in the afternoon to our hotel.

I hear that Parisians call their city, not Paris, but Paradise, and I quite agree with them that it is the Paradise of this world.

"If there be a paradise on earth
It is this, it is this, it is this."

II

LETTER FROM LONDON

It is nearly six months since I arrived in London. Although I have been unable to see all the things I should have liked, I have seen a good deal of the life in this country, and have been in the society of lords and dukes at dinners and evening parties. I have also seen a number of artisans and common working-men. I have visited famous and spacious mansions, museums, engineering works, ship-building establishments, gun-foundries, ocean-telegraph companies which link continents, warships (in one of which I walked for miles), have been present at the meeting of several societies, and have dined at clubs and private houses. The result of this is, that although I do not absolve the English in India of discourtesy, and of looking upon the natives of that country as animals and beneath contempt, I think they do so from not understanding us; and I am afraid that they are not far wrong in their opinion of us. Without flattering the English, I can say that the natives of India, high and low, merchants and petty shopkeepers, educated and illiterate, when contrasted with the English in education, manners, and uprightness, are as like them as a dirty animal is to an able and handsome man. The English have reason for believing us in India to be imbeciles.

Although my countrymen will consider this opinion of mine an extremely harsh one, and will wonder what they are deficient in, and in what the English excel, to cause me to write as I do, I maintain that they have no cause for wonder, as they are ignorant of everything here, which is really beyond imagination and conception. What I have seen, and seen daily, is utterly beyond the imagination of a native of

India. If any of my countrymen do not believe what I say, you may certainly put them down as frogs and fishes. There was once a living fish that fell from a fisherman's basket into a well in which were a number of frogs. When they saw a stranger in their midst, white in colour, and glittering like silver, they asked him where he came from. The fish said that he was a native of the Ganges. The frogs asked the fish if his watery country was similar to theirs; to which the fish answered in the affirmative, adding that it was a bright, good country, swept by a fine wind, which raised waves in which fishes were rocked as in a swing, and disported themselves, and that it was very broad and long. On hearing this a frog came out a foot from the side of the well, and said: "What! as long and as broad as the distance I have come from the wall?" The fish said, "Much greater." The frog came another foot forward, and again put his question to the fish. The fish gave the same reply. The frog went on hopping a foot at a time and repeating his question, until he got to the opposite side of the well. Again asking his question, he received the same reply from the fish. The frog then got angry and said, "You lie; it cannot be larger than this." just at this moment a man let down a bucket into the well and drew water, thus causing small waves on the surface. The frog asked the fish if his country's waves were as large, on which the fish laughed, saying: "Those things that you have never seen, and which it is impossible for you to imagine, cannot be thought of by you without seeing. Why, therefore, do you ask about them?"

I am not thinking about those things in which, owing to the specialities of our respective countries, we and the English differ. I only remark on politeness, knowledge, good faith, cleanliness, skilled workmanship, accomplishments, and thoroughness, which are the results of education and civilization. All good things, spiritual and worldly,

which should be found in man, have been bestowed by the Almighty on Europe, and especially on England. By spiritual good things I mean that the English carry out all the details of the religion which they believe to be the true one, with a beauty and excellence which no other nation can compare with. This is entirely due to the education of the men and women, and to their being united in aspiring after this beauty and excellence. If Hindustanis can only attain to civilization, it will probably, owing to its many excellent natural powers, become, if not the superior, at least the equal of England.

Translated from Urdu.

DADABHAI NAOROJI

DADABHAI NAOROJI

(1825–1917)

Dadabhai Naoroji's life covers an epoch rather than a generation. This period saw several important developments both in India and the outside world—the passage of the Reform Bill, the Mutiny, the formal demise of the East India Company's Rule, the birth of the Indian National Congress, the Partition of Bengal, Home Rule agitation and the War. His life was remarkable not only for its longevity but for its usefulness. From the time he founded a girl's school in Bombay in the teeth of opposition of orthodox circles, social reform became his wholehearted preoccupation. He visited England many times and was closely in touch with Liberal and Socialist circles, particularly Hyndman and his friends. He unsuccessfully contested Holborn constituency as a Liberal candidate in 1886. However, he was elected to Parliament from Central Finsbury in 1892. While in England, his contact with scientific Socialism made him turn his attention to the economic aspect of the British rule in India. His conclusions, which were not particularly flattering to the rulers, have never seriously been challenged. Naoroji was elected to the Presidentship of the Indian National Congress on three different occasions; his mature and balanced wisdom was always at the disposal of Indian nationalism, and his advice always commanded respect. It would be no exaggeration to suggest that he was the first realistic politician of India.

His most important work is:

Poverty and Un-British Rule in India.

(A new biography, *Dadabhai Naoroji: Grand Old Man of India*, by R. P. Masani, has just been published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin Ltd.)

THE MORAL POVERTY OF INDIA AND THE BRITISH

It may be taken as axiomatic that with the material wealth go also the wisdom and experience of the country. Europeans in India to-day occupy almost all the higher places in every department of government. While *in* India they acquire India's money, experience and wisdom, and when they go, they carry both away with them, leaving India so much poorer in material and moral wealth. Thus India is left without and cannot have those elders in wisdom and experience, who in every country are the natural guides of the rising generations in their national and social conduct, and of the destinies of their country.

The Europeans, moreover, are not the natural leaders of the people. They do not belong to the people. They cannot enter into their thoughts and feelings; they cannot join or sympathize with their joys and griefs. On the contrary, every day estrangement is increasing. The Europeans are, and make themselves, strangers in every way. All they effectively do is to eat the substance of India, material and moral, while living there, and when they go, they carry away all they have acquired, and their pensions and future usefulness besides.

This most deplorable moral loss to India needs most serious consideration, as much in its political as in its national aspect. Nationally disastrous as it is, it carries politically with it its own nemesis. Without the guidance of elderly wisdom and experience of their own natural leaders, the education which the rising generation are now receiving, is naturally leading them (or call it misleading them, if you will) into directions which bode no good to the rulers, and which, instead of being the strength of the rulers as it ought to and

can be, will turn out to be their weakness. The fault will be of the rulers themselves for such a result. The power that is being raised by the spread of education, though yet slow and small, is one that in time must, for weal or woe, exercise great influence. In fact, it has already begun to do so. The thousands that are being sent out by the universities every year, find themselves in a most anomalous position. There is no place for them in their motherland. They may beg in the streets or break stones on the roads, for aught the rulers care for their natural rights, position and duties in their own country. The educated find themselves simply so many dummies, ornamented with the tinsel of school education.

What must be the inevitable consequence? A wild spirited horse, without curb or reins, will run amok, and kill and trample upon everyone that comes his way, A misdirected force will hit anywhere and destroy anything. The power that the rulers are, so far to their credit, raising, will as a nemesis recoil against themselves, if with the blessing of education they do not perform their duty to the country which trusts to their righteousness. The voice of the power of the rising generation of educated Indians is, no doubt, feeble at present. Like the infant, the present dissatisfaction is only a vague cry of suffering and pain. It has not yet taken a concrete shape. But it is growing. If the present material and moral destruction of India continues, a great convulsion must inevitably arise, by which either India will be more and more crushed under the iron heel of despotism, or may succeed in shattering the hand of tyranny and power. Far, far is it from my earnest prayer and hope that such should be the result of British rule. In this rule there are many elements to produce immeasurable good, both to India and England.

Englishmen sometimes indulge the notion that England is secure in the division and disunion among the various races and nationalities of India. But even in this new forces are at

work. Those Englishmen who sleep such foolish sleep of security do not know what is going on in the country. The kind of education that is being received by thousands of all classes and creeds is throwing them all into a similar mould; a sympathy of sentiment, ideas and aspirations is growing among them; and, more particularly, a political union and sympathy is the first fruit of the new awakening, as all feel alike their deprivation, and the degradation and destruction of their country. All differences of race and religion are gradually sinking before this common cause. Hindus, Mahommedans, and Parsees are asking alike whether the British rule is to be a blessing or a curse. Politics now engross their attention more and more. This is no longer a secret to those of our rulers who would see.

In the case of former foreign conquests, the invaders either retired with their plunder and booty, or became the rulers of the country. When they only plundered and went back they made no great wounds, and India with her industry revived and the wounds were soon healed. When the invaders became the rulers of the country they settled down *in* it, and, whatever was the condition of their rule, according to the character of the sovereign of the day, there was at least no material or moral drain from the country. Whatever the country produced remained in the country. Whatever wisdom and experience was acquired in her services, remained among her own people. With the English it is a different case. There are the great wounds of the first war in the burden of the public debt, and these wounds are kept perpetually open and green by draining away the life blood in one continuous stream. The former rulers were like butchers hacking here and there, but the English with their scientific scalpel cut to the very heart, and yet there is no wound to be seen, and soon the plaster of the high talk of civilization, progress, and what not, conceals the wound. The English

rulers stand sentinel at the front door of India, challenging the whole world, that they do and shall protect India against all comers, and themselves carry away by the back-door the very treasures they stand sentinel to protect.

England's conduct in India is in strange contrast with her conduct in almost any other country. She does violence to her own best instincts. After having a glorious history of heroic struggles for constitutional government, England is now rearing up a body of Englishmen in India, trained up and accustomed to despotism, with all the feelings of impatience, pride, and high-handedness of the despot becoming gradually ingrained in them, and with the additional training of the dissimulation of constitutionalism. Is it possible that such habits and training of despotism, with which Indian officials return from India, should not, in the course of time, influence the English character and institutions? The English in India, instead of raising India, are themselves descending to the lower level of Asiatic despotism. Is this a nemesis that will in fulness of time show them what fruit their conduct in India has produced? It is extraordinary how nature may revenge itself for the present unnatural course of England in India.

There is the stock argument that the poverty of India is due to over-population. They talk, and so far truly, of the increase in population under the British rule, but they quite forget the destruction by the British drain. They talk of the pitiless operation of economic laws, but somehow they forget that in India there is no such thing as the natural operation of economic laws. It is not the pitiless operation of economic laws, but it is thoughtless and pitiless *perversion* of economic laws which is at the root of Indian poverty. Why blame poor nature, when the fault lies at your own door? Let natural and economic laws have their full and fair play, and India will become another England, with manifold greater benefit to England herself than she enjoys at present.

As long as the English do not allow the country to produce what it can produce; as long as the people are not allowed to enjoy what they can produce; as long as the English are the very party on their trial—they have no right, and are not competent to give an opinion, whether the country is over-populated or not. In fact, it is absurd to talk of over-population, i.e. the country's incapability to supply the means of support to its people, if the country is unceasingly and forcibly deprived of its means or capital. Let the country keep what it produces, let England first hold her hands off India's wealth, and then there will be disinterestedness in, and respect for, her judgment. To talk of over-population at present is just as reasonable as to cut off a man's hands and then to taunt him that he is unable to maintain himself.

It is useless and absurd to remind us constantly that once the British brought order out of chaos in India, and to make that an everlasting excuse for subsequent shortcomings, and the material and moral impoverishment of the country. By all means, let Englishmen be proud of the past. We accord them every credit for the order they brought with them, and are deeply thankful to them, but let them now face the present, let them clearly and manfully acknowledge the shortcomings by which, with the best intentions, they have reduced India to material and moral wretchedness; and let them, in a way worthy of their name and history, repair the injury they have inflicted.

BAL GANGADHAR TILAK

BAL GANGADHAR TILAK

(1856–1920)

Unquestionably the most significant and representative figure of a crucial phase of Indian Nationalism—the phase which began with the Partition of Bengal (1905) and culminated with the end of the Great War. His early years and youth coincided with a period when the bulk of Indian Intelligentsia were lost in bewildered admiration of the more spectacular aspects of the western civilization. Tilak's proud and sensitive nature reacted strongly against this ununderstanding adulation of forms and institutions wholly alien to the soil. Inevitably, this reaction led him to assert, somewhat arbitrarily it would now seem, the uniqueness and self-sufficiency for all times of the Indian culture. The agitation against the Partition of Bengal brought Tilak to the forefront of political struggle; he was sentenced to six years' imprisonment (1907) and subsequently deported to Mandalay. During the six years between his release from prison (1914) and his death (1920), Tilak occupied a position of pre-eminence among the leaders of movement for India's political emancipation, and few of his contemporaries have exercised a more decisive influence on the course of the national struggle. Tilak was the very opposite of a parlour politician. He was essentially a man of action, direct and practical in his approach to problems, and possessed the instinctive realism of a peasant. He may thus be regarded as bridging the gulf between the old and new types of Indian leadership, and paving the way for Mahatma Gandhi. The extracts published here are from the Home Rule speech delivered by Tilak at Belgaum (Bombay presidency), in 1916. His works include:

The Arctic Home of the Vedas.
The Orion—or Researches into the Antiquity of the Vedas.
Commentary on Gita.

SWARAJYA

What is *swarajya*? Many have a misconception about this. Some do not understand this. Some understanding, misrepresent it. Some do not want it. Thus there are many kinds of people. I am not prepared to-day to enter into any particular discussion of any sort beyond saying a few words on the following among other points.

What is *swarajya*? Why do we ask for it? Are we fit for it or not? In what manner must we make this demand for *swarajya* of those of whom we have to make it? In what direction and on what lines are we to carry on the work which we have to carry on? It is not the case that these general remarks which I am going to make are the outcome of my effort and exertion alone. The idea of *swarajya* is an old one. Of course, when *swarajya* is spoken of it implies that there is some kind of rule opposed to *swa*, i.e. ours. This is plain. When such a condition is reached it begins to be thought that there should be *swarajya*, and men make exertions for that purpose. We are at present in that sort of condition. Those who are ruling over us do not belong to our religion, race, or even country. The question whether the rule of the British Government is good or bad is one thing. The question of "one's own" and "alien" is quite another. Do not confuse the two issues. When the question of "alien" or "one's own" arises, we must say "alien." When the question of "good" or "bad" arises we may say "good" or we may say "bad." If we say "bad," then what is the improvement that must be made in it? This question is different. If you say "good," it must be seen what good there is under it which was not to be found under the former rule.

Our demand is concerned with *swarajya*. Consider well what I say. If you think that the present administration is

carried on well, then I have nothing to say. In the congresses and conferences that are now held you come and say: "Our land has been taken away, *zulum*[1] has been exercised over us in connection with the Forest Department, liquor-drinking has been encouraged by the Excise Department, or we are not getting the right sort of education." What is at the root of all this? What is the use of merely complaining in this manner? Why do you not get education? Why are liquor shops opened by the Excise Department where they are not wanted by the people? Why does the Forest Department make laws by which it appropriates this forest or that forest? Why was trial by jury abolished against our will? Why was no college opened in the Karnatic up to this time? At present, hosts of grievances come before the Congress.

And what is our answer to such questions? There is but one answer to them all. Is there no college?—petition to the Collector or to the Governor, because he has the power in his hands. If this power had come into your hands, if you had been the officials in their place, or if their authority had been responsible to the public opinion, these troubles would not have arisen. These troubles arise because there is no authority in your hands. You have not the power to decide matters which vitally concern your welfare. Instead you have to ask at every point like children. This is a state of extraordinary helplessness.

We want to change this state of affairs. We want some better arrangement for our Government. That is why we demand *swarajya*, that is Home Rule. This demand did not arise before. Why? There are reasons. When a boy is young he knows nothing. When he grows up he begins to know and then begins to think that it would be very good if the management of the household was carried on at least to some extent in accordance with his wishes. Just so it is with a nation. When

[1] Tyranny.

it is able to think, when it acquires the capacity to think for itself, then the question of Home Rule is bound to arise. We see in India to-day that the people who govern us, who carry on our administration, come from England. They are appointed by the British Government according to their rules and regulations. These rules and regulations may or may not be good. They may be good, they may be well-planned and carefully thought out. I do not suggest they are not. But, however good may be the law made by an alien people, it is not likely to win the approval of a nation which wants to decide its own destiny.

This is the principle of *swarajya*. If you were to get the power to select your own Collector, it cannot be said with certainty that he would do any more work than the present Collector. It is possible he may not even do as much. He may even do it badly. I admit these possibilities. But the difference between the two arrangements remains. In one case we have a man we have ourselves selected. As such he would naturally be anxious to carry out our wishes. The man appointed by an alien power would, however, reason in a somewhat different way. He would think something like this: what we think to be good must appear so to those over whom we rule; we know better what is good for them; we are more capable of looking after their well-being than they themselves; our policy is designed for their betterment; they must, therefore, accept it.

Our answer to these arguments is this: "You think in this way because you are conceited." It is only the wearer who knows where the shoe pinches. Others cannot know. Hence, if we minutely consider the various difficulties confronting our country, it will be evident that the system of Government which obtains at present is not wanted by us.

To give authority into people's hand is the best principle of administration. No one disputes this; this principle prevails in the country of our rulers. They can, therefore, hardly

dispute that this historical principle is bad. Then what is bad? They say that the Indians are not to-day fit for *swarajya*. But why are we not fit? The answer is because we have not been given the opportunity to become fit.

Besides it is not altogether true that we are not fit to govern ourselves. The proof of this is that before the advent of the British some kind of order did exist in the country. Since some measure of order did exist even in the pre-British days, it cannot be said that we are incapable of managing our own affairs. To-day science has made progress, there is general increase in knowledge, and we have accumulated more experience. Therefore, if anything, we are to-day better prepared for self-rule and we must have more freedom than before. On the contrary, it is suggested, we are not fit for self-government. This suggestion is utterly false. Better say, we will not give you Home Rule. Then at least we would know where we stand.

It is frequently suggested by the British that they have come to India to teach Indians how to govern themselves. Let us admit this for the sake of argument. But how long will you go on teaching us? we ask. For one generation, two generations, or three generations? Is there any end to our education? We say, set some limit. You cannot go on teaching us for ever. When we appoint a teacher at home to teach a boy we ask him how long would the education of the boy take—whether ten, twenty, or twenty-five days. But if he were to tell us that the course would take one year, when we know that normally it takes six months, we would naturally tell him that we have no use for him and appoint another teacher instead. This applies also in the matter of government. There is a saying in *Mahabharata* to the effect that "hope should be made dependent upon time." Therefore we suggest that a time limit should be laid down. I repeat, if the nation is to get happiness, if the multitude of problems facing us are to

be solved, then the first essential is that the existing system of administration should be changed. There is a saying in Marathi: "Why did the horse become restive? Why did the betel-leaves rot? Why did the bread get burnt?" There is only one answer: "For want of turning. The leaves ought to have been turned, the bread ought to have been turned. Had the horse been turned, it would not have become restive." Here we have the root cause of our troubles—because we do not possess any authority, because we have not *swarajya*.

We must keep the thought of swarajya always before our minds. If we begin constantly to think of it, if Maharashtra begins to think of it, if India begins to think of it, then some day or other the idea will be realized. The effect of action (*karma*) cannot fail to materialize. The effect of action may not be realized as quickly as I may wish, I may not live to see it realized. But in the end action is bound to bear fruit. According to the law of action, when a certain action is done, another results from it, and a third one results out of that. And so the succession goes on. Time will be needed, no doubt. There will be delays, there will be periods of anxious waiting. But in the end we will get it. We want our right. We want a certain sort of arrangement which would give our people happiness. And we will get it. Our children will get it. Make the effort that is to be made. Be ready to work with the thought that *swarajya* belongs to us. I am sure that by the grace of God your next generation will not fail to obtain the fruit of your work, though you may not obtain it in your life-time.

JAGDISH CHUNDER BOSE

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(1858–1938)

In the intellectual evolution of India Jagdish Chunder Bose has a very particular place. He was the first to prove to the incredulous Europe that the Indian mind, however metaphysical it might be, was also capable of making solid contributions to our knowledge of the exact sciences. Born in a progressive middle-class family of Bengal, Jugdish Chunder Bose was first educated in what is called a "vernacular" school where he was to assimilate the essentials of our civilization; then he went over to an English School and University, completing his studies in Cambridge under Lord Rayleigh. Coming back to India he was appointed Professor of Physical Science at the Presidency College, Calcutta, and it was here he began his first experiments in Hertzian waves. He later specialized in the field of the reaction of inorganic matter to electric shocks and found that matter behaved exactly as human beings do. He then studied the reaction of plants to electric shocks, and found that the mechanism of plant life was identical with that of the animal. This opened up the avenue of a new science, and he travelled widely in Europe and America showing his experiments and demonstrating the unity of all life, such as our ancient philosophies have proclaimed. When he retired from his Professorship, he founded the Bose Institute in Calcutta, which was to carry on his researches. *The Voice of Life* (extracts from which we publish here) was the Inaugural Address delivered by him in dedicating the Bose Institute to the Nation.

His Chief Publications are:

Response in the Living and Non-living.
Plant Response as a means of Physiological Investigation.
Researches on the Irritability of Plants.
Growth and Tropic Movements of Plants.
Nervous Mechanism of Plants.
Plant Autographs and Revelations.

I dedicate to-day this Institute—not merely a laboratory but a temple. The power of physical methods applies for the establishment of that truth which can be realized directly through our senses, or through the vast expansion of the perceptive range by means of artificially created organs. We still gather the tremulous message when the note of the audible reaches the unheard. When human sight fails, we continue to explore the region of the invisible. The little that we can see is as nothing compared to the vastness of that which we cannot. Out of the very imperfection of his senses man makes daring adventures on the great seas of the Unknown. But there are other truths which will remain beyond even the super-sensitive methods known to science. For these we require faith, tested not in a few years but by an entire life. And a temple is erected as a fit memorial for the establishment of that truth for which faith was needed. The personal, yet general, truth and faith whose establishment this Institute commemorates is this: that when one dedicates himself wholly for a great object, the closed doors shall open, and the seemingly impossible will become possible for him.

Thirty-two years ago I chose teaching of science as my vocation. It was held that by its very peculiar constitution, the Indian mind would always turn away from the study of Nature to metaphysical speculations. Even had the capacity for inquiry and accurate observation been assumed present, there were no opportunities for their employment; there were no well-equipped laboratories nor skilled mechanicians. This was all too true. It is for man not to quarrel with circumstances but bravely accept them; and we belong to that race who had accomplished great things with simple means.

In the pursuit of my investigations I was unconsciously led into the border region of physics and physiology and was amazed to find boundary lines vanishing and points of contact emerge between the realms of the Living and Non-living. Inorganic matter was found anything but inert; it also was a thrill under the action of multitudinous forces that played on it. A universal reaction seemed to bring together metal, plant and animal under a common law. They all exhibited essentially the same phenomena of fatigue and depression, together with possibilities of recovery and of exaltation, yet also that of permanent irresponsiveness which is associated with death. I was filled with awe at this stupendous generalization; and it was with great hope that I announced my results before the Royal Society—results demonstrated by experiments. But the physiologists present advised me, after my address, to confine myself to physical investigations in which my success had been assured, rather than encroach on their preserve. I had thus unwittingly strayed into the domain of a new and unfamiliar caste system and so offended its etiquette. An unconscious theological bias was also present which confounds ignorance with faith. It is forgotten that He, who surrounded us with this ever-evolving mystery of creation, the ineffable wonder that lies hidden in the microcosm of the dust particles, enclosing within the intricacies of its atomic form all the mystery of the cosmos, has also implanted in us the desire to question and understand. To the theological bias was added the misgivings about the inherent bent of the Indian mind towards mysticism and unchecked imagination. But in India this burning imagination which can extort new order out of a mass of apparently contradictory facts, is also held in check by the habit of meditation. It is this restraint which confers the power to hold the mind in pursuit of truth, in infinite patience, to wait, and reconsider, to experimentally test and repeatedly verify.

It is but natural that there should be prejudice, even in science, against all innovations; and I was prepared to wait till the first incredulity could be overcome by further cumulative evidence. Unfortunately there were other incidents and misrepresentations which it was impossible to remove from this insolating distance. Thus no conditions could have been more desperately hopeless than those which confronted me for the next twelve years. It is necessary to make this brief reference to this period of my life; for one who would devote himself to the search of truth must realize that for him there awaits no easy life, but one of unending struggle. It is for him to cast his life as an offering, regarding gain and loss, success and failure, as one. Yet in my case this long persisting gloom was suddenly lifted. My scientific deputation in 1914, from the Government of India, gave the opportunity of giving demonstrations of my discoveries before the leading scientific societies of the world. This led to the acceptance of my theories and results, and the recognition of the importance of the Indian contribution to the advancement of the world's science. My own experience told me how heavy, sometimes even crushing, are the difficulties which confront an inquirer here in India; yet it made me stronger in my determination that I shall make the path of those who are to follow me less arduous, and that India is never to relinquish what has been won for her after years of struggle.

What is it that India is to win and maintain? Can anything small or circumscribed ever satisfy the mind of India? Has her own history and the teaching of the past prepared her for some temporary and quite subordinate gain? There are at this moment two complementary and not antagonistic ideals before the country. India is drawn into the vortex of international competition. She has to become efficient in every way—through spread of education, through performance of civic duties and responsibilities, through activities both

industrial and commercial. Neglect of these essentials of national duty will imperil her very existence; and sufficient stimulus for these will be found in success and satisfaction of personal ambition.

But these alone do not ensure the life of a nation. Such material activities have brought in the West their fruit, in accession of power and wealth. There has been a feverish rush even in the realm of science, for exploiting applications of knowledge, not so often for saving as for destruction. In the absence of some power of restraint, civilization is trembling in an unstable poise on the brink of ruin. Some complementary ideal there must be to save man from that mad rush which must end in disaster. He has followed the lure and excitement of some insatiable ambition, never pausing for a moment to think of the ultimate object for which success was to serve as a temporary incentive. He forgot that far more potent than competition was mutual help and co-operation in the scheme of life. And in this country through milleniums, there always have been some who, beyond the immediate and absorbing prize of the hour, sought for the realization of the highest ideal of life—not through passive renunciation, but through active struggle. The weakling who has refused the conflict, having acquired nothing has nothing to renounce. He alone who has striven and won, can enrich the world by giving away the fruits of his victorious experience. In India such examples of constant realization of ideals through work have resulted in the formation of a continuous living tradition. And by her latent power of rejuvenescence she has readjusted herself through infinite transformations. Thus while the soul of Babylon and the Nile Valley have transmigrated, ours still remains vital and with capacity of absorbing what time has brought, and making it one with itself.

The ideal of giving, of enriching, in fine, of self-renunciation in response to the highest call of humanity is the other

and complementary ideal. The motive power for this is not to be found in personal ambition but in the effacement of all littlenesses, and uprooting of that ignorance which regards anything as gain which is to be purchased at others' loss. This I know, that no vision of truth can come except in the absence of all sources of distraction, and when the mind has reached the point of rest.

Public life, and the various professions will be the appropriate spheres of activity for many aspiring young men. But for my disciples, I call on those very few, who, realizing an inner call, will devote their whole life with strengthened character and determined purpose to take part in that infinite struggle to win knowledge for its own sake and see truth face to face.

It is my further wish, that as far as the limited accommodation would permit, the facilities of this Institute should be available to workers from all countries. In this I am attempting to carry out the traditions of my country, which so far back as twenty-five centuries ago, welcomed all scholars from different parts of the world, within the precincts of its ancient seats of learning, at Nalanda and at Taxilla.

The excessive specialization of modern science in the West has led to the danger of losing sight of the fundamental fact that there can be but one truth, one science which includes all the branches of knowledge. How chaotic appear the happenings in Nature! Is nature a Cosmos in which the human mind is some day to realize the uniform march of sequence, order and law? India through her habit of mind is some day to realize the idea of unity, and to see in the phenomenal world an orderly universe. This trend of thought led me unconsciously to the dividing frontiers of different sciences and shaped the course of my work in its constant alternations between the theoretical and the practical, from the investigation of the inorganic world to that of organized

life and its multifarious activities of growth, of movement, and even of sensation. On looking over a hundred and fifty different lines of investigations, carried on during the last twenty-three years, I now discover in them a natural sequence.

The thrill in matter, the throb of life, the pulse of growth, the impulse coursing through the nerve and the resulting sensations, how diverse are these and yet how unified! How strange it is that the tremor of excitation in nervous matter should not merely be transmitted but transmuted and reflected like the image on a mirror, from a different plane of life, in sensation and in affection, in thought and in emotion. Of these, which is more real, the material body or the image which is independent of it? Which of these is undecaying, and which of these is beyond the reach of death?

It was a woman in the Vedic times, who, when asked to take her choice of the wealth that would be hers for the asking, inquired whether that would win for her deathlessness. What would she do with it, if it did not raise her above death? This has always been the cry of the soul of India, not for addition of material bondage, but to work out through struggle her self-chosen destiny and win immortality. Many a nation had risen in the past and won the empire of the world. A few buried fragments are all that remain as memorials of the great dynasties that wielded the temporal power. There is, however, another element which finds its incarnation in matter, yet transcends its transmutation and apparent destruction: that is the burning flame born of thought which has been handed down through fleeting generations.

Not in matter, but in thought, not in possessions, or even in attainments, but in ideals, are to be found the seed of immortality. Not through material acquisition, but in generous diffusion of ideas and ideals, can the true empire of humanity be established. Thus, to Asoka, to whom belonged this vast empire, bounded by the inviolate seas, after he had tried to

ransom the world by giving away to the utmost, there came a time when he had nothing more to give, except one half of an *Amlaki* fruit. This was his last possession and his anguished cry was that since he had nothing more to give, let the half of the *Amlaki* be accepted as his final gift.

Asoka's emblem of the *Amlaki* will be seen on the cornices of the Institute, and towering above all is the symbol of the thunderbolt. It was the Rishi Dadhichi, the pure and blameless, who offered his life that the divine weapon the thunderbolt, might be fashioned out of his bones to smite evil and exalt righteousness. It is but half of the *Amlaki* that we can offer now. But the past shall be reborn in a yet nobler future. We stand here to-day and resume work to-morrow so that by the efforts of our lives and our unshaken faith in the future we may all help to build the greater India yet to be.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

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(1861–   )

In the Renaissance of Indian thought and literature, the figure of Tagore must continue to dominate the scene for a long time to come, both by virtue of his achievement and influence. Born and brought up in a family which had for two generations been the recognized leaders of Bengal in social and cultural matters, he has no doubt had unusual advantages; but it is a part of his genius that he has extracted the fullest use of his circumstances. Tagore started writing at an early age and he has been a remarkably prolific writer. His work impresses one not only by its prodigality, but also by its great range and variety. There is, indeed, hardly any literary form with which Tagore has not experimented. It would, of course, be a miracle if the whole of his enormous output were of a uniform quality. What is, however, really surprising is that there is so much in it that is of the highest and enduring art. Tagore's sympathies are keen and wide, and he has been fully in touch with the intellectual heritage of the world. As such it is inevitable that diverse aesthetic influences should have

entered into the pattern of his thought; one can hear in his work echoes of classical Sanskrit drama, of the folk-lyrics of Bengal, of the songs of Chandidas and Vidyapati, of the mystical raptures of Kabir and Chaitanya, of the English romantics, and even—as in *The Child*—of moderns like T. S. Eliot. Yet the voice is always his own, and it would perhaps be more correct to suggest that he finds in his literary and aesthetic contacts the same sort of creative impulse as in other natural phenomena—in the light of dawn and the shades of twilight. To the Western world he is known chiefly as a poet-mystic and the author of *Gitanjali*. It is not unlikely, however, that future generations may recognize in his short stories a higher order of artistic achievement than in his more mystical writings. For it is in these that he seems to capture most convincingly the beauty and pathos that stirs in the heart of things. And, finally, perhaps his greatest gift to modern India is his own unique personality and the exquisite sensitiveness and human values that it embodies.

The following are the more representative works of Tagore:—

Gitanjali and Fruit-Gathering.
The Crescent Moon.
Chitra.
The Post Office.
The Gardener.
Personality.
Stray Birds
My Reminiscences.
The Wreck.
Gora.
Hungry Stones and other Stories.
Mashi and other Stories.
The Fugitive.
Glimpses of Bengal.
Sadhana.
The Religion of Man.
Nationalism.
Letters to a Friend.
The Golden Boat.

I

THE RELATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL TO THE UNIVERSE

The civilization of ancient Greece was nurtured within city walls. In fact, all the modern civilizations have their cradles of brick and mortar.

These walls leave their mark deep in the minds of men. They set up a principle of "divide and rule" in our mental outlook, which begets in us a habit of securing all our conquests by fortifying them and separating them from one another. We divide nation and nation, knowledge and knowledge, man and nature. It breeds in us a strong suspicion of whatever is beyond the barriers we have built, and everything has to fight hard for its entrance into our recognition.

When the first Aryan invaders appeared in India it was a vast land of forests, and the newcomers rapidly took advantage of them. These forests afforded them shelter from the fierce heat of the sun and the ravages of tropical storms, pastures for cattle, fuel for sacrificial fire, and materials for building cottages. And the different Aryan clans with their patriarchal heads settled in the different forest tracts which had some special advantage of natural protection, and food and water in plenty.

Thus in India it was in the forests that our civilization had its birth, and it took a distinct character from this origin and environment. It was surrounded by the vast life of nature, was fed and clothed by her, and had the closest and most constant intercourse with her varying aspects.

Such a life, it may be thought, tends to have the effect of dulling human intelligence and dwarfing the incentives to

progress by lowering the standards of existence. But in ancient India we find that the circumstances of forest life did not overcome man's mind, and did not enfeeble the current of his energies, but only gave to it a particular direction. Having been in constant contact with the living growth of nature, his mind was free from the desire to extend his dominion by erecting boundary walls around his acquisitions. His aim was not to acquire but to realize, to enlarge his consciousness by growing with and growing into his surroundings. He felt that truth is all-comprehensive, but there is no such thing as absolute isolation in existence, and the only way of attaining truth is through the interpenetration of our being into all objects. To realize this great harmony between man's spirit and the spirit of the world was the endeavour of the forest-dwelling sages of ancient India.

In later days there came a time when these primeval forests gave way to cultivated fields, and wealthy cities sprang up on all sides. Mighty kingdoms were established, which had communications with all the great powers of the world. But even in the hey-day of its material prosperity the heart of India ever looked back with adoration upon the early ideal of strenuous self-realization, and the dignity of the simple life of the forest hermitage, and drew its best inspiration from the wisdom stored there.

The West seems to take a pride in thinking that it is subduing nature; as if we are living in a hostile world where we have to wrest everything we want from an unwilling and alien arrangement of things. This sentiment is the product of the city-wall habit and training of mind. For in the city life man naturally directs the concentrated light of his mental vision upon his own life and works, and this creates an artificial dissociation between himself and the Universal Nature within whose bosom he lies.

But in India the point of view was different; it included the

world with the man as one great truth. India put all her emphasis on the harmony that exists between the individual and the universal. She felt we could have no communication whatever with our surroundings if they were absolutely foreign to us. Man's complaint against nature is that he has to acquire most of his necessaries by his own efforts. Yes, but his efforts are not in vain; he is reaping success every day, and that shows there is a rational connection between him and nature, for we never can make anything our own except that which is truly related to us.

We can look upon a road from two different points of view. One regards it as dividing us from the object of our desire; in that case we count every step of our journey over it as something attained by force in the face of obstruction. The other sees it as the road which leads us to our destination; and as such it is part of our goal. It is already the beginning of our attainment, and by journeying over it we can only gain that which in itself it offers to us. This last point of view is that of India with regard to nature. For her, the great fact is that we are in harmony with nature; that man can think because his thoughts are in harmony with things; that he can use the forces of nature for his own purpose only because his power is in harmony with the power which is universal, and that in the long run his purpose never can knock against the purpose which works through nature.

In the West the prevalent feeling is that nature belongs exclusively to inanimate things and to beasts, that there is a sudden unaccountable break where human-nature begins. According to it, everything that is low in the scale of beings is merely nature, and whatever has the stamp of perfection on it, intellectual or moral, is human-nature. It is like dividing the bud and the blossom into two separate categories, and putting their grace to the credit of two different and antithetical principles. But the Indian mind never has any hesita-

tion in acknowledging its kinship with nature, its unbroken relation with all.

The fundamental unity of creation was not simply a philosophical speculation for India; it was her life-object to realize this great harmony in feeling and in action. With meditation and service, with a regulation of her life, she cultivated her consciousness in such a way that everything had a spiritual meaning to her. The earth, water and light, fruits and flowers, to her were not merely physical phenomena to be turned to use and then left aside. They were necessary to her in the attainment of her ideal of perfection, as every note is necessary to the completeness of the symphony. India intuitively felt that the essential fact of this world has a vital meaning for us; we have to be fully alive to it and establish a conscious relation with it, not merely impelled by scientific curiosity or greed of material advantage, but realizing it in the spirit of sympathy, with a large feeling of joy and peace.

The man of science knows, in one aspect, that the world is not merely what it appears to be to our senses; he knows that earth and water are really the play of forces that manifest themselves to us as earth and water—how, we can but partially apprehend. Likewise the man who has his spiritual eyes open knows that the ultimate truth about earth and water lies in our apprehension of the eternal will which works in time and takes shape in the forces we realize under those aspects. This is not mere knowledge, as science is, but it is a preception of the soul by the soul. This does not lead us to power, as knowledge does, but it gives us joy, which is the product of the union of kindred things. The man whose acquaintance with the world does not lead him deeper than science leads him, will never understand what it is that the man with the spiritual vision finds in these natural phenomena. The water does not merely cleanse his limbs, but it purifies

his heart; for it touches his soul. The earth does not merely hold his body, but it gladdens his mind; for its contact is more than a physical contact—it is a living presence. When a man does not realize his kinship with the world, he lives in a prison-house whose walls are alien to him. When he meets the eternal spirit in all objects, then is he emancipated, for then he discovers the fullest significance of the world into which he is born; then he finds himself in perfect truth, and his harmony with the all is established. In India men are enjoined to be fully awake to the fact that they are in the closest relation to things around them, body and soul, and that they are to hail the morning sun, the flowing water, the fruitful earth, as the manifestation of the same living truth which holds them in its embrace. Thus the text of our everyday meditation is the *Gayatri*, a verse which is considered to be the epitome of all the Vedas. By its help we try to realize the essential unity of the world with the conscious soul of man; we learn to perceive the unity held together by the one Eternal Spirit, whose power creates the earth, the sky, and the stars, and at the same time irradiates our minds with the light of a consciousness that moves and exists in unbroken continuity with the outer world.

It is not true that India has tried to ignore differences of value in different things, for she knows that would make life impossible. The sense of the superiority of man in the scale of creation has not been absent from her mind. But she has had her own idea as to that in which his superiority really consists. It is not in the power of possession but in the power of union. Therefore India chose her places of pilgrimage wherever there was in nature some special grandeur or beauty, so that her mind could come out of its world of narrow necessities and realize its place in the infinite. This was the reason why in India a whole people who once were meat-eaters gave up taking animal food to cultivate the sentiment

of universal sympathy for life, an event unique in the history of mankind.

India knew that when by physical and mental barriers we violently detach ourselves from the inexhaustible life of nature, when we become merely man, not man-in-the-universe, we create bewildering problems, and having shut off the source of their solution, we try all kinds of artificial methods, each of which brings its own crop of interminable difficulties. When man leaves his resting-place in universal nature, when he walks on the single rope of humanity, it means either a dance or a fall for him, he has ceaselessly to strain every nerve and muscle to keep his balance at each step, and then, in the intervals of his weariness, he fulminates against Providence and feels a secret pride and satisfaction in thinking that he has been unfairly dealt with by the whole scheme of things.

But this cannot go on for ever. Man must realize the wholeness of his existence, his place in the infinite; he must know that hard as he may strive he can never create his honey within the cells of his hive, for the perennial supply of his life food is outside their walls. He must know that when man shuts himself out from the vitalizing and purifying touch of the infinite, and falls back upon himself for his sustenance and his healing, then he goads himself into madness, tears himself into shreds, and eats his own substance. Deprived of the background of the whole, his poverty loses its one great quality, which is simplicity, and becomes squalid and shame-faced. His wealth is no longer magnanimous; it grows merely extravagant. His appetites do not minister to his life, keeping to the limits of their purpose; they become an end in themselves and set fire to his life and play the fiddle in the lurid light of the conflagration. Then it is that in our self-expression we try to startle and not to attract; in art we strive for originality and lose sight of truth which is old and yet ever new; in literature we miss the complete view of man which is simple

and yet great. Man appears instead as a psychological problem, or as the embodiment of a passion that is intense because abnormal, being exhibited in the glare of a fiercely emphatic artificial light. When man's consciousness is restricted only to the immediate vicinity of his human self, the deeper roots of his nature do not find their permanent soil, his spirit is ever on the brink of starvation, and in the place of healthful strength he substitutes rounds of stimulation. Then it is that man misses his inner perspective and measures his greatness by its bulk and not by its vital link with the infinite, judged his activity by its movement and not by the repose of perfection —the repose which is in the starry heavens, in the ever-flowing rhythmic dance of creation.

The first invasion of India has its exact parallel in the invasion of America by the European settlers. They also were confronted with primeval forests and a fierce struggle with aboriginal races. But this struggle between man and man, and man and nature lasted till the very end; they never came to any terms. In India the forests which were the habitation of barbarians became the sanctuary of sages, but in America these great living cathedrals of nature had no deeper significance to man. They brought wealth and power to him, and perhaps at times they ministered to his enjoyment of beauty, and inspired a solitary poet. They never acquired a sacred association in the hearts of men as the site of some great spiritual reconcilement where man's soul had its meeting-place with the soul of the world.

I do not for a moment wish to suggest that things should have been otherwise. It would be an utter waste of opportunities if history were to repeat itself exactly in the same manner in every place. It is best for the commerce of the spirit that people differently situated should bring their different products into the market of humanity, each of which is complementary and necessary to the others. All that I wish

to say is that India at the outset of her career met with a special combination of circumstances which was not lost upon her. She had, according to her opportunities, thought and pondered, striven and suffered, dived into the depths of existence, and achieved something which surely cannot be without its value to people whose evolution in history took a different way altogether. Man for his perfect growth requires all the living elements that constitute his complex life, that is why his food has to be cultivated in different fields and brought from different sources.

Civilization is a kind of mould that each nation is busy making for itself to shape its men and women according to its best ideal. All its institutions, its legislature, its standard of approbation and condemnation, its conscious and unconscious teachings tend toward that object. The modern civilization of the West, by all its organized efforts, is trying to turn out men perfect in physical, intellectual, and moral efficiency. There the vast energies of the nations are employed in extending man's power over his surroundings, and people are combining and straining every faculty to possess and to turn to account all that they can lay their hands upon, to overcome every obstacle on their path of conquest. They are ever disciplining themselves to fight nature and other races; their armaments are getting more and more stupendous every day; their machines, their appliances, their organizations go on multiplying at an amazing rate. This is a splendid achievement, no doubt, and a wonderful manifestation of man's masterfulness, which knows no obstacle and has for its object the supremacy of himself over everything else.

The ancient civilization of India had its own ideal of perfection towards which its efforts were directed. Its aim was not attaining power, and it neglected to cultivate to the utmost its capacities, and to organize men for defensive and offensive purposes, for co-operation in the acquisition of wealth and

for military and political ascendancy. The ideal that India tried to realize led her best men to the isolation of a contemplative life, and the treasures that she gained for mankind by penetrating into the mysteries of reality cost her dear in the sphere of worldly success. Yet, this also was a sublime achievement—it was a supreme manifestation of that human aspiration which knows no limit, and which has for its object nothing less than the realization of the Infinite.

II

MY HOME ENVIRONMENT

One great advantage which I enjoyed in my younger days was the literary and artistic atmosphere which pervaded our house. I remember how, when I was quite a child, I would be leaning against the verandah railings which overlooked the detached building comprising the reception rooms. These rooms would be lighted up every evening. Splendid carriages would draw up under the portico, and visitors would be constantly coming and going. What was happening I could not very well make out, but would keep staring at the rows of lighted casements from my place in the darkness. The intervening space was not great, but the gulf between my infant world and these lights was immense.

My elder cousin Ganendra had just got a drama written by Pandit Tarkaratna, and was having it staged in the house. His enthusiasm for literature and the fine arts knew no bounds. He was the centre of the group who seem to have been almost consciously striving to bring about from every side the renaissance which we see to-day. A pronounced nationalism in dress, literature, music, art and the drama had awakened in and around him. He was a keen student of the history of different countries, and had begun but could not complete a historical work in Bengali. He had translated and published the Sanskrit drama, *Vikramorvasi:* and many a well-known hymn is his composition. He may be said to have given us the lead in writing patriotic poems and songs. This was in the days when the Hindu Mela was an annual institution, and there his song, "Ashamed am I to sing of India's glories," used to be sung.

I was still a child when my cousin Ganendra died in the

prime of his youth, but for those who have once beheld him it is impossible to forget his handsome, tall and stately figure. He had an irresistible social influence. He could draw men round him and keep them bound to him; while his powerful attraction was there, disruption was out of the question. He was one of those—a type peculiar to our country—who, by their personal magnetism, easily establish themselves in the centre of their family or village. In any other country, where large political, social, or commercial groups are being formed, such would as naturally become national leaders. The power of organizing a large number of men into a corporate group depends on a special kind of genius. Such genius in our country runs to waste, a waste as pitiful, it seems to me, as that of pulling down a star from the firmament for use as a lucifer match.

I remember still better his younger brother, my cousin Gunendra.[1] He likewise kept the house filled with his personality. His large, gracious heart embraced alike relatives, friends, guests and dependants. Whether in his broad south verandah, or on the lawn by the fountain, or at the tank-edge on the fishing platform, he presided over self-invited gatherings, like hospitality incarnate. His wide appreciation of art and talent kept him constantly radiant with enthusiasm. New ideas of festivity or frolic, theatricals or other entertainments, found in him a ready patron, and with his help would flourish and find fruition.

We were too young then to take any part in these doings, but the waves of merriment and life to which they gave rise came and beat at the doors of our curiosity. I remember how a burlesque composed by my eldest brother was once being rehearsed in my cousin's big drawing-room. From our place against the verandah railings of our house we could hear, through the open windows opposite, roars of laughter mixed

[1] Father of the well-known artists Gaganendra and Abanindra.

with the strains of a comic song, and would also occasionally catch glimpses of Akshay Mazumdar's extraordinary antics. We could not gather exactly what the song was about, but lived in hopes of being able to find that out sometime.

I recall how a trifling circumstance earned for me the special regard of cousin Gunendra. Never had I got a prize at school except once for good conduct. Of the three of us my nephew Satya was the best at his lessons. He once did well at some examination and was awarded a prize. As we came home I jumped off the carriage to give the great news to my cousin who was in the garden. "Satya has got a prize," I shouted, as I ran to him. He drew me to his knees with a smile. "And have *you* not got a prize?" he asked. "No," said I, "not I, it's Satya." My genuine pleasure at Satya's success seemed to touch my cousin particularly. He turned to his friends and remarked on it as a very creditable trait. I well remember how mystified I felt at this, for I had not thought of my feeling in that light. This prize that I got for not getting a prize did not do me good. There is no harm in making gifts to children, but they should not be rewards. It is not healthy for youngsters to be made self-conscious.

After the midday meal cousin Gunendra would attend the estate offices in our part of the house. The office room of our elders was a sort of club where laughter and conversation were freely mixed with matters of business. My cousin would recline on a couch, and I would seize some opportunity of edging up to him.

He usually told me stories from Indian history. I still remember the surprise with which I heard how Clive, after establishing British rule in India, went back home and cut his own throat. On the one hand, new history being made, on the other a tragic chapter hidden away in the mysterious darkness of a human heart. How could there be such dismal

failure within and such brilliant success outside? This weighed heavily on my mind the whole day.

Some days cousin Gunendra would not be allowed to remain in any doubt as to the contents of my pocket. At the least encouragement out would come my manuscript book, unabashed. I need hardly state that my cousin was not a severe critic; in point of fact the opinions he expressed would have done splendidly as advertisements. None the less, when in any of my poetry my childishness became too obtrusive, he could not restrain his hearty " Ha! Ha!"

One day it was a poem on "Mother India," and as at the end of one line the only rhyme I could think of meant a cart, I had to drag in that cart in spite of there not being the vestige of a road by which it could reasonably arrive—the insistent claims of rhyme would not hear of any excuses mere reason had to offer. The storm of laughter with which cousin Gunendra greeted it blew away the cart back over the same impossible path it had come by, and it has not been heard of since.

My eldest brother was then busy with his masterpiece, *The Dream Journey:* his cushion seat placed in the south verandah, a low desk before him. Cousin Gunendra would come and sit there for a time every morning. His immense capacity for enjoyment, like the breezes of spring, helped poetry to sprout. My eldest brother would go on alternately writing and reading out what he had written, his boisterous mirth at his own conceits making the verandah tremble. My brother wrote a great deal more than he finally used in his finished work, so fertile was his poetic inspiration. Like the superabounding mango flowerets which carpet the shade of the mango topes in spring time, the rejected pages of his *Dream Journey* were to be found scattered all over the house. Had any one preserved them they would have been to-day a basketful of flowers adorning our Bengali literature.

Eavesdropping at doors and peeping round corners, we used to get our full share of this feast of poetry, so plentiful was it, with so much to spare. My eldest brother was then at the height of his wonderful powers; and from his pen surged, in untiring wave after wave, a tidal flood of poetic fancy, rhyme and expression, filling and overflowing its banks with an exuberantly joyful paean of triumph. Did we quite understand *The Dream Journey*? But then, did we need absolutely to understand in order to enjoy it? We might not have got at the wealth in the ocean depths—what could we have done with it if we had?—but we revelled in the delights of the waves on the shore; and how gaily, at their buffetings, did our life-blood course through every vein and artery!

The more I think of that period the more I realize that we have no longer the thing called a *mujlis*.[1] In our boyhood we beheld the dying rays of that intimate sociability which was characteristic of the last generation. Neighbourly feelings were then so strong that the *mujlis* was a necessity, and those who could contribute to its amenities were in great request. People nowadays call on each other on business, or as a matter of social duty, but not to foregather by way of *mujlis*. They have not the time, nor are there the same intimate relations! What goings and comings we used to see, how merry were the rooms and verandahs with the hum of conversation and the snatches of laughter! The faculty our predecessors had of becoming the centre of groups and gatherings, of starting and keeping up animated and amusing gossip, has vanished. Men still come and go, but those same verandahs and rooms seem empty and deserted.

In those days everything from furniture to festivity, was designed to be enjoyed by the many, so that whatever of pomp or magnificence there might have been did not savour

[1] In Bengali this word has come to mean an informal uninvited gathering.

of hauteur. These appendages have since increased in quantity, but they have become unfeeling, and know not the art of making high and low alike feel at home. The bare-bodied, the indigently clad, no longer have the right to use and occupy them, without a permit, on the strength of their smiling faces alone. Those whom we nowadays seek to imitate in our house-building and furnishing, they have their own society, with its wide hospitality. The mischief with us is that we have lost what we had, but have not the means of building up afresh on the European standard, with the result that our home-life has become joyless. We still meet for business or political purposes, but never for the pleasure of simply meeting one another. We have ceased to contrive opportunities to bring men together simply because we love our fellow-men. I can imagine nothing more ugly than this social miserliness; and, when I look back on those whose ringing laughter, coming straight from their hearts, used to lighten for us the burden of household cares, they seem to have been visitors from some other world.

From *My Reminiscences*.

III

A COMEDY IN ENGLAND

During the whole period of my stay in England I was mixed up in a farcical comedy which I had to play out from start to finish. I happened to get acquainted with the widow of some departed high Anglo-Indian official. She was good enough to call me by the pet name Ruby. Some Indian friend of hers had composed a doleful poem in English in memory of her husband. It is needless to expatiate on its poetic merit or felicity of diction. As my ill-luck would have it, the composer had indicated that the dirge was to be chanted to the mode *Behaga*. So the widow one day entreated me to sing it to her thus. Like the silly innocent that I was, I weakly acceded. There was unfortunately no one there, but I who could realize the atrociously ludicrous way in which the *Behaga* mode combined with those absurd verses. The widow seemed intensely touched to hear the Indian's lament for her husband sung to its native melody. I thought that there the matter ended, but that was not to be.

I frequently met the widowed lady at different social gatherings, and then, after dinner, we joined the ladies in the drawing-room, she would ask me to sing that *Behaga*. Everyone else would anticipate some extraordinary specimen of Indian music and would add their entreaties to hers. Then from her pocket would come forth printed copies of that fateful composition, and my ears would begin to redden and tingle. And at last, with bowed head and quavering voice I would have to make a beginning—but too keenly conscious that to none else in the room but me was this performance sufficiently heartrending. At the end, amidst much suppressed tittering, there would come a chorus of "Thank

you very much!" "How interesting!" and in spite of its being winter I would perspire all over. Who would have predicted at my birth or at his death what a severe blow to me would be the demise of this estimable Anglo-Indian!

Then, for a time, while I was living with Dr. Scott and attending lectures at the University College, I lost touch with the widow. She was in a suburban locality some distance away from London, and I frequently got letters from her inviting me there. But my dread of that dirge kept me from accepting these invitations. At length I got a pressing telegram from her. I was on my way to college when this telegram reached me, and my stay in England was then about to come to its close. I thought to myself I ought to see the widow once more before my departure, and so yielded to her importunity.

Instead of coming home from college I went straight to the railway station. It was a horrible day, bitterly cold, snowing and foggy. The station I was bound for was the terminus of the line. So I felt quite easy in mind and did not think it worth while to inquire about the time of arrival.

All the station platforms were coming on the right-hand side, and in the right-hand corner seat I had ensconced myself reading a book. It had already become so dark that nothing was visible outside. One by one the other passengers got down at their destinations. We reached and left the station just before the last one. Then the train stopped again, but there was nobody to be seen, nor any lights or platform. The mere passenger has no means of divining why trains should sometimes stop at the wrong times and places, so, giving up the attempt, I went on with my reading. Then the train began to move backwards. There seems to be no accounting for railway eccentricity, thought I, as I once more returned to my book. But when we came right back to the previous station, I could remain indifferent no longer. "When are we getting to ——?" I inquired at the station. "You are

just coming from there," was the reply. "Where are we going now, then?" I asked, thoroughly flurried. "To London." I thereupon understood that this was a shuttle train. On inquiring about the next train to —— I was informed that there were no more trains that night. And in reply to my next question I gathered that there was no inn within five miles.

I had left home after breakfast at ten in the morning, and had had nothing since. When abstinence is the only choice, an ascetic frame of mind comes easy. I buttoned up my thick overcoat to the neck and, seating myself under a platform lamp, went on with my reading. The book I had with me was Spencer's *Data of Ethics*, then recently published. I consoled myself with the thought that I might never get another such opportunity of concentrating my whole attention on such a subject.

After a short time a porter came and informed me that a special was running and would be in in half an hour. I felt so cheered up by the news that I could not go on any longer with the *Data of Ethics*. Where I was due at seven I arrived at length at nine. "What is this, Ruby?" asked my hostess. "Whatever have you been doing with yourself?" I was unable to take much pride in the account of my wonderful adventures which I gave her. Dinner was over; nevertheless, as my misfortune was hardly my fault, I did not expect condign punishment, especially as the dispenser was a woman. But all that the widow of the high Anglo-Indian official said to me was: "Come along Ruby, have a cup of tea."

I never was a tea-drinker, but in the hope that it might be of some assistance in allaying my consuming hunger I managed to swallow a cup of strong decoction with a couple of dry biscuits. When I at length reached the drawing-room I found a gathering of elderly ladies, and among them one pretty young American who was engaged to a nephew of my

hostess and seemed busy going through the usual pre-marital love passages.

"Let's have some dancing," said my hostess. I was in neither the mood nor bodily condition for that exercise. But it is the docile who achieve the most impossible things in this world; so, though the dance was primarily got up for the benefit of the engaged couple, I had to dance with the ladies of considerably advanced age, with only the tea and biscuits between myself and starvation.

But my sorrows did not end here. "Where are you putting up for the night?" asked my hostess. This was a question for which I was not prepared. While I stared at her, speechless, she explained that as the local inn would close at midnight I had better betake myself thither without further delay. Hospitality, however, was not entirely wanting, for I had not to find the inn unaided, a servant showing me the way there with a lantern. At first I thought this might prove a blessing in disguise, and at once proceeded to make inquiries for food: flesh, fish or vegetable, hot or cold, anything! I was told that drinks I could have in any variety but nothing to eat. Then I looked to slumber for forgetfulness, but there seemed to be no room even in her world-embracing lap. The sandstone floor of the bedroom was icy cold, an old bedstead and worn-out washstand being its only furniture.

In the morning the Anglo-Indian widow sent for me to breakfast. I found a cold repast spread out, evidently the remnants of last night's dinner. A small portion of this, lukewarm or cold, offered to me last night could not have hurt any one, while my dancing might then have been less like the agonized wrigglings of a landed carp.

After breakfast my hostess informed me that the lady for whose delectation I had been invited to sing was ill in bed, and that I would have to serenade her from her bedroom door. I was made to stand up on the staircase landing. Pointing

to a closed door, the widow said: "That's where she is." And I gave voice to that *Behaga* dirge, facing the mysterious unknown on the other side. Of what happened to the invalid as a result I have yet received no news.

After my return to London I had to expiate in bed the consequences of my fatuous complaisance. Dr. Scott's girls implored me, on my conscience, not to take this as a sample of English hospitality. It was the effect of India's salt, they protested.

From *My Reminiscences.*

IV

THE RAINS AND AUTUMN

According to the Hindu calendar, each year is ruled by a particular planet. So have I found that in each period of life a particular season assumes a special importance. When I look back to my childhood I can best recall the rainy days. The wind-driven rain has flooded the verandah floor. The row of doors leading into the rooms are all closed. Peari, the old scullery maid, is coming from the market, her basket laden with vegetables, wading through the slush and drenched with the rain. And for no rhyme or reason I am careering about the verandah in an ecstasy of joy.

This also comes back to me: I am at school, our class is held in a colonnade with mats as outer screens; cloud upon cloud has come up during the afternoon, and they are now heaped up covering the sky; and, as we look on, the rain comes down in close thick showers, the thunder at intervals rumbling long and loud; some mad woman with nails of lightning seems to be rending the sky from end to end; the mat walls tremble under the blasts of wind as if they would be blown in; we can hardly see to read, for the darkness. The Pandit gives us leave to close our books. Then, leaving the storm to do the romping and roaring for us, we keep swinging our dangling legs; and my mind goes right away across the far-off unending moor through which the Prince of the fairy-tale passes.

I remember, moreover, the depth of the *Sravan*[1] nights. The pattering of the rain, finding its way through the gaps of my slumber, creates within a gladsome restfulness deeper

[1] The month corresponding to July–August, the height of the rainy season.

than the deepest sleep. And in the wakeful intervals I pray that the morning may see the rain continue, our lane under water, and the bathing platform of the tank submerged to the last step.

But at the age of which I have just been telling, Autumn is on the throne beyond all doubt. Its life is to be seen spread under the clear transparent leisure of *Aswin*.[1] And in the molten gold of this autumn sunshine, softly reflected from the fresh dewy green outside, I am pacing the verandah and composing, in the mode *Jogiya*, the song:

In this morning light I do not know what it is that my heart desires.

The autumn day wears on, the house gong sounds 12 noon, the mode changes; though my mind is still filled with music, leaving no room for call of work or duty; and I sing:

What idle play is this with yourself, my heart, through the listless hours?

Then in the afternoon I am lying on the white floor-cloth of my little room, with a drawing-book trying to draw pictures—by no means an arduous pursuit of the pictorial muse, but just a toying with the desire to make pictures. The most important part is that which remains in the mind, and of which not a line gets drawn on the paper. And in the meantime the serene autumn afternoon is filtering through the walls of this little Calcutta room, filling it, as a cup, with golden intoxication.

I know not why, but all my days of that period I see as if through this autumn sky, this autumn light—the autumn which ripened for me my songs as it ripens the corn for the tillers; the autumn which filled my granary of leisure with

[1] The month of Aswin corresponds to September–October, the long vacation time for Bengal.

radiance; the autumn which flooded my unburdened mind with an unreasoning joy in fashioning song and story.

The great difference which I see between the rainy season of my childhood and the autumn of my youth is that in the former it is outer nature which closely hemmed me in, keeping me entertained with its numerous troupe, its variegated make-up, its medley of music; while the festivity which goes on in the shining light of autumn is in man himself. The play of cloud and sunshine is left in the background, while the murmurs of joy and sorrow occupy the mind. It is our gaze which gives to the blue of the autumn sky its wistful tinge and human yearning, which gives poignancy to the breath of its breezes.

My poems have now come to the doors of men. Here informal goings and comings are not allowed. There is door after door, chamber within chamber. How many times have we to return with only a glimpse of the light in the window, only the sound of the pipes from within the palace gates lingering in our ears! Mind has to treat with mind, will to come to terms with will, through many tortuous obstructions, before giving and taking can come about. The foundation of life, as it dashes into these obstacles, splashes and foams over in laughter and tears, and dances and whirls through eddies from which one cannot get a definite idea of its course.

From *My Reminiscences*.

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

(1863–1902)

A fighter more than a thinker, possessing a practical rather than a mystical mind, Vivekananda was the voice of the new militant nationalism, whose peculiar manifestation in India, a country of spiritual traditions, was to be religious. A sceptic in his youth, intellectually attracted by Mill and Spencer, he later came under the influence of the great saint, Sri Ramakrishna, and having discovered the depth of Hindu thought, he was to leave India for the West, where he was welcomed as the first true messenger of the undying spiritual force of India. At the age of thirty he stood before the Parliament of Religions in Chicago (1893) and swept the audience into an unprecedented enthusiasm, with his speech on the comprehensive outlook of a true *Vedantist*, who saw in all religions the same manifestation of the supreme Truth, thus proving the essential unity of all religious thought. This historic speech made him immediately famous, and he travelled widely in the United States, England and the Continent, and was received back home, as the prophet of new India. He was, however, a very severe critic of India, and thought that no country could boast of spirituality with the tens of millions of people dying with hunger, with the curse of untouchability, and oppression of women. With a view to carry on social reform, as also to give permanence to the message of his Master Sri Ramakrishna, he founded the Ramakrishna Mission, which is one of the few really effective organizations working against our social evils. His message to India may be summed up in his famous utterance: "Above all be strong! Be manly! I have respect even for one who is wicked, so long as he is manly and strong; for his strength will one day make him give up his wickedness and bring him into the truth."

His chief publications are:

Karma Yoga.
Raja Yoga.
Complete Works of Swami Vivekananda. 8 vols.

I

THE WORK BEFORE US

The problem of life is becoming deeper and broader every day as the world moves on. The watchword and the essence have been preached in the days of yore, when the Vedantic truth was first discovered, the solidarity of all life. One atom in this universe cannot move without dragging the whole world along with it. There cannot be any progress without the whole world following in the wake, and it is becoming every day clearer that the solution of any problem can never be attained on racial, or national, or narrow grounds. Every idea has to become broad till it covers the whole of this world, every aspiration must go on increasing till it has engulfed the whole of humanity, nay, the whole of life, within its scope. This will explain why our country for the last few centuries has not been what she was in the past. We find that one of the causes which led to this degeneration was the narrowing of our view, narrowing the scope of our actions.

Two curious nations there have been—sprung of the same race, but placed in different circumstances and environments, working out the problems of life each in its own particular way. I mean the ancient Hindu and the ancient Greek. The Indian Aryan, bounded on the north by the snow-caps of the Himalayas, with fresh-water rivers like rolling oceans surrounding him in the plains, with eternal forests which, to him, seemed to be the end of the world—turned his vision inward; and given the natural instinct, the superfine brain of the Aryan, with this sublime scenery surrounding him, the natural result was—that he became introspective. The analysis of his own mind was the great theme of the Indo-

Aryan. With the Greek, on the other hand, who arrived at a part of the earth which was more beautiful than sublime, the beautiful islands of the Grecian Archipelago, nature all around him generous yet simple—his mind naturally went outside. It wanted to analyse the external world. And as a result we find that from India have sprung all the analytical sciences, and from Greece all the sciences of generalization. The Hindu mind went on in its own direction and produced the most marvellous results. Even at the present day, the logical capacity of the Hindus, and the tremendous power which the Indian brain still possesses is beyond compare. We all know that our boys pitched against the boys of any other country triumph always. At the same time when the national vigour went, perhaps one or two centuries before the Mahommedan conquest of India, this national faculty became so much exaggerated that it degraded itself, and we find some of this degradation in everything in India, in art, in music, in sciences, in everything. In art no more was there a broad conception, no more the symmetry of form and sublimity of conception, but the tremendous attempt at the ornate and florid style had arisen. The originality of the race seemed to have been lost. In music no more were there the soul-stirring ideas of the ancient Sanskrit music, no more did each note stand, as it were, on its own feet, and produce the marvellous harmony, but each note had lost its individuality. The whole of modern music is a jumble of notes, a confused mass of curves. That is a sign of degradation in music. So, if you analyse your idealistic conceptions, you will find the same attempt at ornate figures, and loss of originality. And even in religion, your special field, there came the most horrible degradations. What can you expect of a race which for hundreds of years has been busy in discussing such momentous problems as whether we should drink a glass of water with the right hand or the left? What more degradation

can there be than that the greatest minds of a country have been discussing about the kitchen for several hundreds of years, discussing whether I may touch you or you touch me, and what is the penance for this touching? The themes of the Vedanta, the sublimest and the most glorious conceptions of God and soul ever preached on earth, were half-lost, buried in the forests, preserved by a few Sanyasins, while the rest of the nation discussed the momentous questions of touching each other, and dress, and food. The Mahommedan conquest gave us many good things, no doubt; at the same time it could not bring vigour into the race. Then, for good or evil, the English conquest of India took place. Of course, every conquest is bad, for conquest is an evil, foreign Government is an evil, no doubt, but even through evil comes good sometimes, and the great good of the English conquest is this: England, nay the whole of Europe, has to thank Greece for its civilization. It is Greece that speaks through everything in Europe. Every building, every piece of furniture has the impress of Greece upon it; European science and art are nothing but Grecian. To-day the ancient Greek is meeting the ancient Hindu on the soil of India. Thus, slowly and silently, the leaven has come, the broadening out, the life-giving, and the revivalist movement, that we see all around us, has been worked out by all these forces together. A broader and more generous conception of life is before us, and although at first we have been deluded a little and wanted to narrow things down, we are finding out to-day that these generous impulses which are at work, these broader conceptions of life, are the logical interpretation of what is in our ancient books. They are the carrying out, to the rigorously logical effect, of the primary conceptions of our own ancestors. To become broad, to go out, to amalgamate, to universalize, is the end of our aims. And all the time we have been making ourselves smaller and smaller, and

dissociating ourselves, contrary to the plans laid down in our scriptures.

Several dangers are in the way, and one is that of the extreme conception that we are *the* people in the world. With all my love for India, and with all my patriotism, and veneration for the ancients, I cannot but think that we have to learn many things from other nations. We must be always ready to sit at the feet of all, for, mark you, every one can teach us great lessons. Says our great law-giver, Manu: "Receive some good knowledge, even from the low-born and even from the man of lowest birth, learn by service the road to heaven." We, therefore, as true children of Manu, must obey his commands, and be ready to learn the lessons of this life, or the life hereafter from any one who can teach us. At the same time we must not forget, that we have also to teach a great lesson to the world. We cannot do without the world outside India; it was our foolishness that we thought we could, and we have paid the penalty by about a thousand years of slavery. That we did not go out to compare things with other nations, did not mark the workings that have been all around us, has been the one great cause of this degradation of the Indian mind. We have paid the penalty: let us do it no more. All such foolish ideas, that Indians must not go out of India, are childish. They must be knocked on the head; the more you go out and travel among the nations of the world, the better for you and for your country. If you had done that for hundreds of years past you would not be here to-day, at the feet of every nation that wants to rule India. The first manifest effect of life is expansion. You must expand if you want to live. The moment you have ceased to expand, death is upon you, danger is ahead. I went to America and Europe, to which you so kindly allude; I had to, because that is the first sign of the revival of national life, expansion. This reviving national life, expanding inside,

threw me off and thousands will be thrown off in that way. Mark my words, it has got to come if this nation lives at all. This question, therefore, is the greatest of the signs of the revival of national life, and through this expansion our quota of offering to the general mass of human knowledge, our part of the general upheaval of the world, is going out to the external world. Again, this is not a new thing. Those of you who think that the Hindus have been always confined within the four walls of their country through all ages, are entirely mistaken; you have not studied the whole books, you have not studied the history of the race aright if you think so. Each nation must give in order to live. When you give life you will have life; when you receive you must pay it by giving to all others, and that we have been living for so many thousands of years is a fact that stares us in the face, and the solution that remains is that we have been always giving to the outside world, whatever the ignorant may think.

But the gift of India is the gift of religion and philosophy and wisdom, and spirituality, and religion does not want cohorts to march before its path and clear its way. Wisdom and philosophy do not want to be carried on floods of blood. Wisdom and philosophy do not march upon bleeding human bodies, do not march with violence but come on the wings of peace and love, and that has always been so. Therefore we had to give. I was asked by a young lady in London: "What have you Hindus done? You have never even conquered a single nation." That is true from the point of view of the Englishman, the brave, the heroic, the Kshatriya—conquest is the greatest glory that one man can have over another. That is true from his point of view, but from ours it is quite the opposite. If I ask myself what has been the cause of India's greatness, I answer, because we have never conquered. That is our glory. You are hearing every day,

and sometimes, I am sorry to say, from men who ought to know better, denunciations of our religion, because it is not at all a conquering religion. To my mind that is the argument why our religion is truer than any other religion, because it never conquered, because it never shed blood, because its mouth always shed on all, words of blessing, of peace, words of love and sympathy. It is here and here alone that the ideals of toleration were first preached; and it is here and here alone that toleration and sympathy have become practical; it is theoretical in every other country; it is here and here alone, that the Hindu builds mosques for the Mahommedans and churches for the Christians. So, you see, our message has gone out to the world many a time, but slowly, silently, unperceived. It is on a par with everything in India. The one characteristic of Indian thought is its silence, its calmness. At the same time the tremendous power that is behind it is never expressed by violence. It is always the silent mesmerism of Indian thought. If a foreigner takes up our literature to study, at first it is disgusting to him; there is not the same stir, perhaps, the same amount of go that rouses him instantly. Compare the tragedies of Europe with our tragedies. The one is full of action, that rouses you for the moment, but when it is over there comes the reaction, and everything is gone, washed off as it were from your brains. Indian tragedies are like the mesmerist's power, quiet, silent, but as you go on studying them they fascinate you; you cannot move; you are bound; and whoever has dared to touch our literature has felt the bondage, and is there bound for ever.

Like the gentle dew that falls unseen and unheard, and yet brings into blossom the fairest of roses, has been the contribution of India to the thought of the world. Silent, unperceived, yet omnipotent in its effect, it has revolutionized the thought of the world.

II

REASON AND RELIGION

Knowledge of science covers, as it were, only part of our lives, but the knowledge which religion brings to us is eternal, as infinite as the truth it preaches. Claiming this superiority, religions have many times looked down, unfortunately, on all secular knowledge, and not only so but many times have refused to be justified by the aid of secular knowledge. In consequence all the world over there have been fights between secular knowledge and religious knowledge, the one claiming infallible authority as its guide, refusing to listen to anything that secular knowledge has to say on the point, the other with its shining instrument of reason wanting to cut to pieces everything religion could bring forward. The fight has been and is still waged in every country. Religions have been again and again defeated, almost exterminated. The worship of the goddess of Reason during the French Revolution was not the first manifestation of that phenomenon in the history of humanity, it was a re-enactment of what had happened in ancient times, but in modern times it has assumed greater proportions. The physical sciences are better equipped now than formerly, and religions have become less and less equipped. The foundations have all been undermined, and the modern man, whatever he may say in public, knows in the privacy of his heart that he can no more "believe." Believing in certain things because an organized body of priests tell him to believe, believing because it is written in certain books, believing because his people like him to believe, the modern man knows to be impossible for him. There are, of course, a certain number of people who seem to acquiesce in the so-called popular faith, but we also know for certain

that they do not think. The idea of belief may be translated as "not-thinking-carelessness." The fight cannot last much longer without breaking to pieces all the buildings of religion. The question is, is there a way out? To put it in a more concrete form: Is religion to justify itself by the discoveries of reason through which every science justifies itself? Are the same methods of investigation which we apply to the sciences and knowledge outside, to be applied to the science of religion? In my opinion this must be so, and I am also of opinion that the sooner this is done the better. If religion is destroyed by such investigations it was then all the time useless, unworthy superstition, and the sooner it goes the better. I am thoroughly convinced that its destruction would be the best thing that could happen. All that is dross will be taken off, no doubt, but the essential parts of religion will emerge triumphant out of this investigation. Not only will it be made scientific, as scientific at least as any of the conclusions of physics and chemistry, but will have greater strength, because physics or chemistry has no internal mandate to vouch for its truth, which religion has.

What do I mean by reason? I mean what every educated man or woman is wanting to do at the present time, to apply the discoveries of secular knowledge to religion. The first principle of reasoning is that the particular is explained by the general, the general by the more general, until we come to the universal.

We are all human beings; that is to say, each one of us, as it were, is a particular part of a concept, humanity. A man, a cat, and a dog are all animals. The man, and the cat, and the dog, and the plant and the tree all come under the still more general concept, life. Again, all these, all beings and all materials, come under the one conception of existence, for we are all in it. This explanation merely means referring the particular to a higher concept, finding more of its kind.

The mind, as it were, has stored up numerous classes of such generalizations. It is, as it were, full of pigeon-holes where all these ideas are grouped together, and whenever we find a new thing the mind immediately tries to find out its type in one of these pigeon-holes. If we find it we put the new thing in there and are satisfied, and we are said to have known the thing. That is what is meant by knowledge and no more. A second explanation of knowledge is, that the explanation of a thing must come from the inside. There has been a belief that when a man threw up a stone and it fell, some dragon is supposed to have dragged it down. That a ghost dragged down the stone was an explanation that was not a thing in itself, but was an explanation from outside; but the second explanation of gravitation is something in the nature of the stone; the explanation comes from inside. This tendency you will find throughout modern thought; in one word, what is meant by science is that the explanation of things are in their own nature and that no external beings or existences are required to explain what is going on in the universe. This is one of the features I mean to apply to religion. In this religions are found wanting and that is why they are crumbling into pieces.

Another idea connected with this, the manifestation of the same principle, that the explanation of everything comes from inside it, is the modern law of evolution. The whole meaning of evolution is simply that the nature of a thing is reproduced, that the effect is nothing but cause in another form, that all the potentialities of the effect were present in the cause, that the whole of "creation" is an evolution not a creation. That is to say every effect is a reproduction of a preceding cause, changed only by the circumstance, and thus it is going on throughout the universe, and we need not go outside the universe to seek the causes of these changes; they are within. It is unnecessary to seek any cause outside. This also is breaking

down religion. What I mean by breaking down is, that religions have held on to the idea of an extra-cosmic deity, that he is a very big man and nothing else; and this argument can no more stand on its feet.

To my mind, if modern science is proving anything again and again, it is that we are one, mentally, spiritually, physically. Suppose we are materialists. For the sake of argument, we shall have to come to this, that the whole universe is simply an ocean of matter, of which you and I are little whirlpools. Masses of matter are coming into each whirlpool, taking the whirlpool form and coming out as matter again. That matter is in my body, may have been yours a few years ago, or may have been in the sun or may have been the matter in a plant, and so on, in a continuous state of flux. What is meant by your body and my body? It is the oneness of the body. So with thought. It is an ocean of thought, one infinite mass, in which your mind and my mind are like whirlpools. The whole of our lives is one, we are one, even in thought. Coming to a still further generalization the essence of matter and thought is their potentiality of spirit, that is the unity from which all have come and that must essentially be one. We are absolutely one; we are physically one, we are mentally one, and as spirit it goes without saying, we are one if we believe in spirit at all. This oneness is the one fact that is being proved every day by modern science. To proud man it is told, you are the same as the little worm there; think not that you are sometimes enormously different from it; you are the same. Most of us are very glad to be made one with higher beings, but nobody wants to be made one with lower beings. Such is human ignorance. But the scales are falling from our eyes, truth is beginning to manifest itself more and more, and that is a great gain to religion. That is exactly the teaching of the *Advaita*. The self is the essence of the universe—nay "Thou art That."

G. K. GOKHALE

G. K. GOKHALE

(1866–1915)

Few men in India have had the confidence of our countrymen as well as of our rulers as Gopala Krishna Gokhale. A man of utter truthfulness, with a great sense of honour he thought that "Public life must be spiritualized", and it was with this idea that he founded the well-known *Servant of India Society*, almost a lay monastic order, which was to train disinterested and devoted men to serve in every field of national activity. He believed firmly in the beneficence of British rule in India and accepted "British connection as ordained, in the inscrutable dispensation of Providence, for India's good." But he could also at times be a very severe critic of the British Government, as some of his speeches at the Viceregal Legislature show. He was a great educationist, a most powerful social reformer who fought for the rights of women, and a statesman whose opinion was always sought by the British Government at every important turn of policy. He gave evidence before the Royal Commission on Indian expenditure, was member of the Public Services Commission (1912–1915), and was President of the Indian National Congress for the year 1905. He is considered to be the father of Indian Moderate (sometimes called the Liberal) Party. His most important pronouncements are to be found in

Speeches by G. K. Gokhale.

EAST AND WEST IN INDIA[1]

The object of the Universal Races Congress has been described by the organizers to be "to discuss, in the light of modern knowledge and the modern conscience, the general relations subsisting between the peoples of the West and those of the East, between so-called white and so-called coloured peoples, with a view to encouraging between them a fuller understanding, the most friendly feelings and a heartier co-operation." With the commencement of the twentieth century, the relations between the East and the West may be regarded as having entered on a new phase, and it is, I think, in accord with the changed spirit of the times that the West should think of summoning a Congress, where the representatives of all races, "with developed types of civilization" "might meet each other face to face and might, in friendly rivalry, further the cause of mutual trust and respect between Occident and Orient." To the people of the East such a desire on the part of the people of the West is naturally a matter of profound interest and of far-reaching significance. The traditional view, so well expressed by the poet, of the changeless and unresisting East, beholding with awe the legions of the West, as they thundered past her, bowing low before the storm, while the storm lasted, and plunging back again in thought, when the storm was over, seemed for centuries to encourage—almost invite—unchecked aggression by Western nations in Eastern lands, in utter disregard of the rights or feelings of Eastern peoples. Such aggression, however, could not go on for ever, and the protest of the Eastern world against it, as evidenced by the steady growth of a feeling of national self-respect in different Eastern lands,

[1] Extracts from a paper read at the Universal Races Congress, London, July 1911.

has now gathered sufficient strength and volume to render its continuance on old lines extremely improbable, if not altogether impossible. The victories of Japan over Russia, the entry of Turkey among constitutionally-governed countries, the awakening of China, the spread of the national movement in India, Persia and Egypt, all point to the necessity of the West revising her conception of the East—revising also the standards by which she has sought in the past to regulate her relations with the East. East and West may now meet on more equal terms than was hitherto possible, and as a first step towards such meeting the value of the Universal Races Congress cannot be overestimated.

The problem—how to ensure "a fuller understanding, the most friendly feelings and a heartier co-operation" between the East and the West—so difficult everywhere, is nowhere else so difficult and so delicate as it is in India. In the case of other countries, the contact of the West with the East is largely external only; in India the West has, so to say, entered into the very bone and marrow of the East. For a hundred years now, more or less, India has been under the political sway of England, and the industrial domination of the country has been no less complete than the political. This peculiar relationship introduces into the problem factors of great complexity, and the conflict of interests, which it involves, has to be harmonized before attempts made with the object which the Congress has in view, can possess an enduring value or produce solid results.

It is recognized on all sides that the relations between Europeans and Indians in India have grown greatly strained during the last quarter of a century. And yet Englishmen started with uncommon advantages in India. Owing to India's peculiar development, the establishment of British rule, so far from being resented, was actually regarded with feelings of satisfaction, if not enthusiasm, by the people over the greater

part of the country. It is true that England never conquered India in the sense in which the word "conquer" is ordinarily used. She did not come to the country as an invader, nor did she fight her battles, when she had to fight them, with armies composed of her own people. The establishment and the consolidation of her rule, which undoubtedly is one of the most wonderful phenomena of modern times, was entirely the result of her superior powers of organization, her superior patriotism and her superior capacity for Government, applied to the conditions that prevailed in India during the second half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century. And, strange as it may seem to many, the new rule was accepted by the mass of the people as bringing them welcome relief from a more or less chronic state of disorder, and conferring on them advantages, outweighing all considerations on the other side. This was due to the fact that with all her contribution to human progress in many fields, religion, philosophy, literature, science, art—a contribution, which the world is coming to recognize more and more every day, and of which Indians may well remain proud for all time—India did not develop the national idea or the idea of political freedom as developed in the West. Who exercised the sovereign authority was to her people a minor matter, as long as it was well exercised and did not seriously interfere with their religious, social or communal life. And it cannot be denied that in many essential respects, the standards of Government of the new rulers compared favourably with those of the indigenous powers that were then struggling for supremacy in the land. The advantageous start thus secured was further improved by the declarations of wise and far-seeing statesmen, made from time to time in those early days, as regards the policy in accordance with which the affairs of this country were to be administered. India, they declared, was to them a trust. Not England's profit but India's moral

and material well-being was to be the object of the rule; Englishmen were not to form a governing caste in the country; the people of India were to be helped to advance steadily to a position of equality with them, so that they might in due course acquire the capacity to govern themselves in accordance with the higher standards of the West. To fit the youth of the country for their new responsibilities institutions were started for imparting to them Western education, and the class thus trained in the ideas of the West was expected to act as interpreter between the Government and the people, bringing its active goodwill to the support of the former. The establishment of universities and Queen Victoria's noble Proclamation, addressed to the princes and people of India, on the morrow of the mutiny, set the final seal on this large-hearted policy.

It is necessary to bear these facts in mind to understand clearly the estrangement that has taken place, as observed above, during the last quarter of a century, between Englishmen and Indians, especially that class among the Indians which has come, directly or indirectly, under the influence of the education of the West. Numerically this class still constitutes but a small proportion of the whole population, but it is undoubtedly the brain of the country, doing its thinking for it, and determining its public opinion. For several years this class was keenly appreciative of England's work in India and its attitude towards Englishmen, on the whole, was that of pupils to their teachers—an attitude of respect, of confidence, even of affection. The first effect of Western teaching on those who received it was to incline them strongly in favour of the Western way of looking at things, and under this influence, they bent their energies, in the first instance, to a re-examination of the whole of their ancient civilization—their social usages and institutions, their religious beliefs, their literature, their science, their art, in fact their

entire conception and realization of life. This brought them into violent collision with their own society, but that very collision drove them closer to the Englishmen in the country, to whom they felt deeply grateful for introducing into India the liberal thought of the West, with its protest against caste or sex disabilities and its recognition of man's dignity as man—a teaching which they regarded as of the highest value in serving both as a corrective and a stimulant to their old civilization. On one point they entertained no doubt whatever in their minds. They firmly believed that it was England's settled policy to raise steadily their political status till at last they fully participated in the possession of those free institutions, which it is the glory of the English race to have evolved. This belief, so strong at one time, began, however, gradually to weaken, when it was seen that English administrators were not in practice as ready to advance along lines of constitutional development as had been hoped and that the bulk of Englishmen in the country were far from friendly even to the most reasonable aspirations of Indians in political matters. With the rise of the new Imperialism in England, during the last quarter of a century, new and clearer signs became visible of a disinclination on the part of the ruling nation to carry into effect the policy to which it stood committed. Then indeed the faith of Indian reformers in the character and purpose of British rule, already tried by a feeling of suspicion, began definitely to give way. Suspicion was followed by surprise, by disappointment, by anger, and these inevitably produced a rapidly-rising anti-English feeling, which especially affected the younger minds throughout the country. Things now came to be regarded in a new light. The old readiness to acknowledge freely and gratefully the benefits which India had derived from the British connection, gave way to a tendency to indulge in bitter and fault-finding criticism, directed indiscriminately against everything done

by Englishmen. "Wrong in the one thing rare," what mattered it to the Indians what Englishmen did, or how they conducted themselves in other respects? While this development was taking place within the borders of India, the whole East was already being driven by those mysterious forces which shape great events to a new life, in which a new longing to enjoy the solid advantages of a constitutional government and realize the dignity of nationhood, was combined with a new pride in the special culture and civilization of the East, a new impatience of Western aggression and Western domination and a new faith in the destiny of Eastern peoples. India could not but be affected by those thought-currents with the rest of Asia, and the influences at work naturally received a powerful stimulus when Japan astonished the world with her victories over Russia. The steady growth of the anti-English feeling in the country was recognized by all thoughtful persons to be fraught with a serious menace to the cause of peaceful progress and the outlook was undoubtedly very dark, when English statesmanship came to the rescue and by granting to the country a measure of constitutional reform, sufficiently substantial to meet the more pressing requirements of the day, helped largely to ease the tension and restore a more friendly feeling between the two sides.

It may appear to some that too much stress is being laid in this paper on what may be termed the political development of the people of India, and that no attempt is being made to discuss how, leaving political considerations alone, Europeans and Indians may be helped to acquire a deeper and more sympathetic understanding of each other's special culture and civilization and how a heartier co-operation may be established between them in the pursuit of knowledge, or the service of humanity—"for the greater glory of God and the relief of man's estate." So far as the understanding of Europe

by India is concerned, the work is being carried on with great vigour under the auspices of the Indian universities, which have now been in existence for more than fifty years. The very object of these universities is to promote Western learning in the land and successive generations of Indian students have been and are being introduced by them to a study of Western literature and history, Western philosophy and Western sciences. And various missionary bodies have been presenting, for a century and more, the religion of the West to the people of India. Through these agencies, a knowledge of Western society, of its traditions, its standards, its achievements, its ideals, its outlook on life and its problems, its methods of realizing itself—has been rapidly spreading in the country and the insight thus acquired is, on the whole, sympathetic, and marked by deep and genuine appreciation. It is to be regretted that on the English sides there is no corresponding attempt to study and understand India. It is true that individual Englishmen have done monumental work in interpreting India to the West, but neither in England nor among Englishmen in this country is there any sympathetic study of Indian culture and civilization, with the result that very few Englishmen, in spite of a fairly prolonged stay in this country, acquire any real insight into them. It is a curious fact, and one of no small significance, that in this matter Germany is far ahead of England, and even America bids fair to go beyond her. It is obvious that there is great room for improvement here, and if one result of the present Congress will be to stimulate among Englishmen a study of Indian culture and civilization in a sympathetic spirit, the Congress will have rendered a great service to India. But while it is undoubted that such study, especially if it leads to increased respect for India by Englishmen, will contribute materially to improve the relations between the two sides there is no getting away from the fact that as the contact

between England and India at present is predominantly political, it is on the attitude of Englishmen towards the political advancement of India that the future of these relations will mainly turn. The question, therefore, how to promote "the most friendly feelings" between the East and West in India resolves itself largely into how England may assist India's political advancement.

The only safe thing that anyone can say about the future of India is that it is still enveloped in obscurity. But I believe whole-heartedly in a great destiny for the people of my land. We still retain many of those characteristics which once placed us in the van of the world's civilization—the depth of our spirituality, our serene outlook on life, our conceptions of domestic and social duty. And other races that have from time to time come to make their home here have brought their own treasure into the common stock. The India of the future will be compounded of all these elements, reinforcing one another, but a long process of discipline and purification and real adjustment is necessary, before she gathers again the strength required for her allotted task. In this work of preparation, it has been given to a great Western nation to guide and help her. And if craven or selfish counsels are not allowed to prevail, England will have played the noblest international part that has yet fallen to the lot of humanity. When the men and women of India begin again to grow to the full height of their stature and proclaim to the world the mission that shall be theirs, a great stream of moral and spiritual energy, long lost to view, will have returned to its channel, and East and West, white and dark and yellow and brown—all have cause alike to rejoice.

M. K. GANDHI

MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI

(1869–)

The Indian Nationalist Movement is marked by two main tendencies, the one a religious fervour, almost aggressive, as in Vivekananda, and the other a slow, almost moderate political evolution as expressed by Dadabhai Naoroji and his disciple Gokhale. The two forces seemed essential to the country, and yet so widely different in their outlook that they hardly met. Swami Vivekananda avoided politics and Mr. Gokhale was indifferent to religion. With Aurobindo Ghose one saw the glimpse of the future man who could make India what she ought to be, religious in her essential outlook, and yet a member of the vast community of the progressive nations of the earth. Religion was to be made practical (Vivekananda) and politics

spiritual (Gokhale), and a convinced disciple of these two great personalities, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, invented *Satyagraha*, and gave India her soul.

He spoke the language of the people and was of the people. The peasantry really is India and Mahatma Gandhi was a true peasant, practical, religious, and obstinate. He was convinced of certain fundamental truths such as the inevitable success of *Satyagraha* (soul-force) and the disarming power of non-violence. He said he came to politics through his need for truth and so truth became more important than any political achievement. He even went sometimes to the extent of losing a magnificent political success so as not to compromise his essential philosophy. This was, in a way, possible, as his political outlook has never been very clear, and his life is full of bewildering contradictions. In spite of this, when the time comes, he *instinctively* feels the approaching events and gives the country the appropriate lead. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, whose outlook on life is in many ways very different to that of Mahatma Gandhi, and yet was deeply influenced by him, writes of the "unknown" that seems to speak through the Mahatma in times of great political crises. Once this period of stress is over, he retires to a little hermitage, where amidst his many disciples he carries on experiments in agriculture, handicrafts, and dietetics. He never tires of experiments.

"Gandhi is India," Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has declared. He is India, with all her contradictions and her supreme gift of giving man's multifarious activities the subtle significance of spiritual values. It was because he was so essentially Indian that he could give a shape to her dimly felt aspirations. The New India begins with the integration of Gandhi's personality into her life.

His chief publications:

My Experiments with Truth (English edition under the titles of *Mahatma Gandhi: His Own Story*, and *Mahatma Gandhi at Work*. George Allen & Unwin.)
Satyagraha in South Africa.
Young India (Articles collected from his weekly, *Young India*).
Guide to Health.

1

"HIND SWARAJ"

The poet Tulsidas[1] has said: "Of religion, pity (or love) is the root, as egotism is of the body. Therefore, we should not abandon pity so long as we are alive." This appears to me to be a scientific truth. I believe in it as much as I believe in two and two being four. The force of love is the same as the force of the soul or of truth. We have evidence of its working at every step. The universe would disappear without the existence of that force of love.

If we ask for historical evidence, it is necessary to know what history means. If history means the doings of kings and emperors, there can be no evidence of soul-force or passive resistance in such history. We cannot expect to get silver ore out of a tin mine. History, as we know it, is a record of the wars of the world; and so there is a proverb among Englishmen that a nation which has no history—that is, no wars—is a happy nation. How kings acted, how they became enemies of one another, and how they murdered one another—all this is found accurately recorded in history; and, if this were everything that had happened in the world, it would have been ended long ago.

If the story of the universe had commenced with wars, not a man would have been found alive to-day. Those people who have been warred against have disappeared, as, for instance, the natives of Australia, of whom hardly a man was left alive by the intruders. Mark, please, that these natives did not use soul-force in self-defence, and it does not require

[1] Tulsidas was the writer of the *Ramayana* in Hindi. This chapter is taken from Mr. Gandhi's book called *Hind Swaraj*.

much foresight to know that the Australians are likely to share the same fate as their victims. "Those that take the sword shall perish by the sword." With us, the proverb is that professional swimmers will find a watery grave.

The fact that there are so many men still alive in the world shows that the world is based not on the force of arms, but on the force of truth or love. Therefore the greatest and most unimpeachable evidence of the success of this force is to be found in the fact that, in spite of all these wars, the world still lives on.

Thousands, indeed hundreds of thousands, depend for their existence on a very active working of this force. Little quarrels of millions of families in their daily lives disappear before the exercise of this force. Hundreds of nations live in peace on this account. History does not, and cannot, take note of this fact. History is really a record of every interruption of the even working of the force of love or of the soul.

Two brothers quarrel; one of them repents and reawakens the love that was lying dormant in him; the two again begin to live in peace; nobody takes note of this. But if the two brothers, through the intervention of solicitors or some other reason, take up arms or go to law—which is another form of the exhibition of brute force—their doings would be immediately noticed in the Press, they would be the talk of their neighbours, and would probably go down to history. And what is true of families and communities is true of nations. There is no reason to believe that there is one law for families and another for nations. History, then, is a record of an interruption of the course of nature. Soul-force, being natural, is not noted in history.

When I refuse to do a thing that is repugnant to my conscience I use soul-force. For instance, suppose the Government of the day has passed a law which is applicable to me. I do not like it. If, by using violence, I force the Government

to repeal the law, I am employing what may be termed body-force. If I do not obey the law, and accept the penalty for its breach, I use soul-force. It involves sacrifice of self.

Everybody admits that sacrifice of self is infinitely superior to the sacrifice of others. Moreover, if this kind of force is used in a cause that is unjust, only the person using it suffers. He does not make others suffer for his mistakes. Men have before now done many things which were subsequently found to have been wrong. No man can claim to be absolutely in the right, or that a particular thing is wrong, because he thinks so, but it is wrong for him so long as that is his deliberate judgment. It is therefore meet that he should not do that which he knows to be wrong, and should suffer the consequence, whatever it may be. This is the key to the use of soul-force.

When we do not like certain laws we do not break the heads of law-givers, but we suffer and do not submit to them. That we should obey other laws whether good or bad is a new-fangled notion. There was no such thing in former days. The people disregarded those laws they did not like, and suffered the penalties for their breach. It is contrary to our manhood if we obey laws repugnant to our conscience. Such teaching is opposed to religion, and means slavery. If the Government were to ask us to go about without any clothing, should we do so? If I were a passive resister, I should say to them that I would have nothing to do with their law. But we have so forgotten ourselves and become so compliant that we do not mind any law, however degrading.

A man who has realized his manhood, who fears only God, will fear no one else. Man-made laws are not necessarily binding on him. Even the Government do not expect any such thing from us. They do not say: "You must do such and such a thing," but they say: "If you do not do it, we will punish you." We are sunk so low that we fancy that it is our

duty and our religion to do what the law lays down. If man will only realize that it is unmanly to obey laws that are unjust, no man's tyranny will enslave him. This is the key to self-rule or home-rule.

It is a superstition and an ungodly thing to believe that an act of a majority binds a minority. Many examples can be given in which acts of majorities will be found to have been wrong, and those of minorities to have been right. All reforms owe their origin to the initiation of minorities in opposition to majorities. If among a band of robbers a knowledge of robbing is obligatory, is a man of religion to accept the obligation? So long as the superstition that men should obey unjust law exists, so long will their slavery exist. And a passive resister alone can remove such a superstition.

To use brute-force, to use gunpowder, is contrary to passive resistance, for it means that we want our opponent to do by force that which we desire but he does not. And, if such a use of force is justifiable, surely he is entitled to do likewise by us. And so we should never come to an agreement. We may simply fancy, like the blind horse moving in a circle round a mill, that we are making progress. Those who believe that they are not bound to obey laws which are repugnant to their conscience have only the remedy of passive resistance open to them. Any other must lead to disaster.

Thus passive resistance, that is, soul-force, is matchless. It is superior to the force of arms. It cannot be considered merely a weapon of the weak. Physical-force men are strangers to the courage that is requisite in a passive resister. Do we believe that a coward can ever disobey a law that he dislikes? But a passive resister will say he will not obey a law that is against his conscience, even though he may be blown to pieces at the mouth of a cannon.

Wherein is courage required—in blowing others to pieces from behind a cannon or with a smiling face to approach a

cannon and to be blown to pieces? Who is the true warrior —he who keeps death always as a bosom-friend or he who controls the death of others? Believe me, that a man devoid of courage and manhood can never be a passive resister.

This, however, I will admit: that even a man weak in body is capable of offering this resistance. One man can offer it just as well as millions. Both men and women can indulge in it. It does not require the training of an army; it needs no ju-jitsu. Control over the mind is alone necessary, and, when that is attained, man is free like the king of the forest, and his very glance withers the enemy.

Passive resistance is an all-sided sword; it can be used anyhow; it blesses him who uses it and him against whom it is used. Without drawing a drop of blood, it produces far-reaching results. It never rusts, and cannot be stolen.

Kings will always use their kingly weapons. To use force is bred in them. They want to command. But those who have to obey commands do not want guns; and these are in a majority throughout the world. They have to learn either body-force or soul-force. Where they learn the former, both the rulers and the ruled become like so many mad men. But where they learn soul-force, the commands of the rulers do not go beyond the point of their swords; for true men disregard unjust commands. Peasants have never been subdued by the sword, and never will be. They do not know the use of the sword, and they are not frightened by the use of it by others. That nation is great which rests its head upon death as its pillow. Those who defy death are free from all fear. For those who are labouring under the delusive charms of brute force, this picture is not overdrawn. The fact is that, in India, the nation at large has generally used passive resistance in all departments of life. We cease to co-operate with our rulers when they displease us. This is passive resistance.

I remember an instance when, in a small principality, the

villagers were offended by some command issued by the prince. The former immediately began vacating the village. The prince begame nervous, apologized to his subjects and withdrew his command. Many such instances can be found in India. Real home-rule is possible only where passive resistance is the guiding force of the people. Any other rule is foreign rule.

It is difficult to become a passive resister unless the body is trained. As a rule, the mind, residing in a body that has become softened by pampering, is also soft, and where there is no strength of mind, there can be no strength of soul. We shall have to improve our physique in India by getting rid of infant marriages and luxurious living.

I have known a lad of fourteen years become a passive resister; I have known also sick people doing likewise; and I have also known physically strong and otherwise happy people being unable to take up passive resistance. After a great deal of experience, it seems to me that those who want to become passive resisters for the service of the country have to observe perfect chastity, adopt poverty, follow truth, and cultivate fearlessness.

Passive resistance has been described as truth-force. Truth, therefore, has necessarily to be followed, and that at any cost. In this connection, academic questions such as whether a man may not lie in order to save his life, etc., arise, but these questions occur only to those who wish to justify lying. Those who want to follow truth every time are not placed in such a quandary, and, if they are, they are still saved from a false position.

Passive resistance cannot proceed a step without fearlessness. Those alone can follow the path to the end who are free from fear, whether as to their possessions, their false honour, their relatives, the government, bodily injuries, death.

These observances are not to be abandoned in the belief

that they are difficult. Nature has implanted in the human breast ability to cope with any difficulty or suffering that may come to man unprovoked. These qualities are worth having.

A physical-force man has to have many other useless qualities which a passive resister never needs. And we shall find that whatever extra effort a swordsman needs is due to lack of fearlessness. If he is an embodiment of the latter, the sword will drop from his hand that very moment. He does not need its support. One who is free from hatred requires no sword. A man with a stick suddenly came face to face with a lion, and instinctively raised his weapon in self-defence. The man saw that he had only prated about fearlessness when there was none in him. That moment he dropped the stick, and found himself free from all fear.

Finally, let each of us do his duty. If I do my duty, that is serve myself, I shall be able to serve others. I will take the liberty of repeating:

1. Real home-rule is self-rule or self-control.
2. The way to it is passive resistance; that is, soul-force or love-force.

II

LIFE IN LONDON

Dr. Mehta inspected my room and its appointments and shook his head in disapproval. "This place won't do," he said. "We come to England not so much for the purpose of studies as for gaining experience of English life and customs, and for this you need to live with a family. But before you do so, I think you had better serve a period of apprenticeship with a friend of mine who will look after you."

The suggestion was gratefully accepted, and I removed to the friend's rooms. He was all kindness and attention, treating me as his own brother and initiating me into English ways. My food, however, became a serious question. I could not relish boiled vegetables cooked without condiments. The landlady was at a loss to know what to prepare for me. We had oatmeal porridge for breakfast, which was fairly satisfying, but I always went hungry at lunch and dinner. The friend continually reasoned with me to eat meat, but I pleaded my vow and remained silent. Both for lunch and dinner we had spinach and bread and jam. My appetite often became ravenous, but I was ashamed to ask for more than two or three slices of bread, because it did not seem correct to do so. There was no milk either for lunch or dinner. The friend once got disgusted with this state of things and said plainly: "Had you been my own brother, I would have sent you packing. What is the value of a vow made before an illiterate mother who is ignorant of conditions out here? Your vow is no vow at all. It would not be regarded as a vow in a court of law. It is pure superstition to stick to such a promise. This persistence will not help you to gain anything here. You confess to having eaten and relished meat. You

took it when it was quite unnecessary, and will not take it where it is essential." But I remained adamant.

The friend would go on arguing, but I had an eternal negative to face him with. The more he argued, the more uncompromising I became. Daily I would pray for God's protection and get it. Not that I had any clear idea of God. It was faith that was at work, of which the seed had been sown by the good nurse, Rambha.

During my wanderings in the city at last I hit on a vegetarian restaurant in Farringdon Street. The sight of it filled me with the same joy that a child feels on getting a thing after its own heart. Before I entered I noticed books for sale behind a glass window near the door and among them Salt's *Plea for Vegetarianism*. This I purchased for a shilling and went straight to the dining-room. There I had my first hearty meal since my arrival in England. God had come to my aid.

I read Salt's book from cover to cover, and was very much impressed by it. From the date of reading this book I may claim to have become a vegetarian by choice, and now I blessed the day on which I had taken that vow before my mother. Formerly I had abstained from meat in the interests of truth and of the vow I had taken, but had wished at the same time that every Indian should be a meat-eater. Indeed, I had looked forward to the time when I should be one myself, freely and openly, and enlist others in the cause. But the choice was now made in favour of vegetarianism. To spread it henceforward became my mission.

The clothes which I had brought from Bombay now seemed to me to be unsuitable for English society, and I got new ones made at the Army and Navy Stores. Also I purchased a silk hat costing nineteen shillings. Not content with this, I wasted ten pounds on an evening dress-suit made in Bond Street and got my good and noble-hearted brother

to send me a double watch-chain of gold. It was not correct to wear a ready-made tie, and so I learnt the art of tying one for myself. While in India, the mirror had been a luxury, only permitted on the days when the family barber gave me a shave. Here I wasted ten minutes every day before a huge mirror, watching myself arranging my tie and parting my hair in the correct fashion. My hair was by no means soft, and every day it meant a regular struggle with the brush to keep it in position. Each time the hat was put on and off the hand would automatically move towards the head to adjust the hair.

As if all this were not enough I began to direct my attention to other details that were supposed to go towards the making of an English gentleman. Thus I was informed that it was necessary for me to take lessons in dancing, French, and elocution. I decided to take dancing lessons at a class, and paid down three pounds as fees for a term for the first three weeks. I must have taken about six lessons; but it was beyond me to achieve anything like rhythmic motion, for I could not follow the piano and hence found it impossible to keep time. What then was I to do? The recluse in the fable kept a cat to keep away the rats, and then a cow to feed the cat with milk, and then a man to keep the cow, and so on. My ambitions also grew like the family of that recluse. I thought I should learn to play the violin in order to cultivate an ear for Western music. So I invested three pounds in a violin and something more in fees, and then sought a third teacher to give me lessons in elocution and paid him a preliminary fee of a guinea. He recommended *Bell's Standard Elocutionist* as the textbook, which I purchased.

But Bell's textbook rang the bell of alarm in my ear and I awoke. After all, I said to myself, I had not to spend a lifetime in England. What then was the use of learning elocution? And how could dancing make a gentleman of me? The violin

I could learn even in India. I was a student, and ought to go on with my studies. If my character made a gentleman of me, so much the better. Otherwise, I should abandon such an ambition.

These and similar thoughts possessed me, and I expressed them in a letter which I addressed to the elocution teacher requesting him to excuse me from further lessons. A similar letter was written to the dancing teacher, and I went personally to the violin teacher with a request to dispose of the violin for any price it might fetch. She was rather friendly to me, so I told her how I had discovered that I was pursuing a false ideal, and she encouraged me in the determination to make a complete change. All this infatuation must have lasted about three months. The punctiliousness in dress persisted for years. But henceforward I became a student.

Just about this time Narayan Hemchandra came to England. I had heard of him as a writer. We met at the house of Miss Manning of the National Indian Association. When I went to her house I used to sit tongue-tied, never speaking except when spoken to. She introduced me to Narayan Hemchandra. He did not know English. His dress was queer—a clumsy pair of trousers, a wrinkled, dirty, brown coat, after the Parsee fashion, no necktie or collar, a tasselled woollen cap and a long beard. He was lightly built and short of stature. His round face was scarred with smallpox, and he had a nose which was neither pointed nor blunt. Such a queer-looking and queerly dressed person was bound to be singled out in fashionable society.

We met daily. There was a considerable amount of similarity between our thoughts and actions. Both of us were vegetarians. We would often have our lunch together. This was the time when I lived on seventeen shillings a week and cooked for myself. Sometimes I would go to his room, and sometimes he would come to mine. My cooking was in

the English style. Nothing but Indian style would satisfy him. I would make soup of carrots and he would pity me for my taste. Once he somehow hunted out some dhal (lentils), and cooked it and brought it to my place. I ate it with delight. This led on to a regular system of exchange between us. I would take my delicacies to him and he would bring his to me.

Cardinal Manning's name was then on every lip. The dock labourers' strike had come to an early termination owing to the efforts of John Burns and Cardinal Manning. I told Narayan Hemchandra of Disraeli's tribute to the Cardinal's simplicity. "Then I must see the sage," he said.

"He is a big man. How do you expect to meet him?"

"Why? I know how. I must get you to write to him in my name. Tell him I am an author and that I want to congratulate him personally on his humanitarian work, and also say that I shall have to take you as interpreter because I do not know English."

I wrote a letter to that effect. In two or three days came Cardinal Manning's card in reply, giving us an appointment. So we both called on the Cardinal. I put on the usual visiting-suit. Narayan Hemchandra was the same as ever, in the same coat and the same trousers. I tried to make fun of this, but he laughed me out, and said:

"You civilized fellows are all cowards. Great men never look at a person's exterior. They think of his heart."

We entered the Cardinal's mansion. As soon as we were seated, a thin, tall old gentleman made his appearance and shook hands with us. Narayan Hemchandra thus gave his greetings:

"I do not want to take up your time. I had heard a lot about you and I felt I should come and thank you for the good work you have done for the strikers. It has been my custom to visit the sages of the world, and that is why I have put you

to this trouble." This was, of course, my translation of what he spoke in Gujarati.

"I am glad you have come," the Cardinal replied. "I hope your stay in London will agree with you and that you will get in touch with people here. God bless you." With these words he stood up and said good-bye.

Once Narayan Hemchandra came to my place in a shirt and dhoti, such as we wear in India. The good landlady opened the door and came running to me in a fright. "A sort of madcap," she said, "wants to see you." I went to the door and to my surprise found Narayan Hemchandra dressed in a dhoti. I was shocked. His face, however, showed nothing but his usual smile.

"But did not the children in the street jeer at you?"

"Yes, they ran after me, but I did not mind them and they were quiet."

Narayan Hemchandra went to Paris after a few months' stay in London. He began studying French and also translating French books. I knew enough French to revise his translation, so he gave it to me to read. It was not a translation; it was a fresh substance.

Finally he carried out his determination to visit America. It was with great difficulty that he succeeded in securing a deck ticket. While in the United States he was prosecuted for "being indecently dressed," because he once went out in a shirt and dhoti. I have a recollection that he was discharged.

It was easy enough to be called to the Bar in England but it was difficult to practise. I had read law as my subject, but I had not learnt how to practise. I had studied with interest *Legal Maxims*, but did not know how to apply them in my profession.

Whilst I was studying law I was torn with doubts, and confided my difficulties to some of my friends. One of them

suggested that I should seek Dadabhai Naoroji's advice. Though I had brought an introduction to him from India, it seemed to me that I had no right to trouble such a great man for an interview. Whenever an address by him was announced, I would attend it, listen to him from a corner of the hall, and go away after having feasted my eyes and ears. In order to come in close touch with the students he had founded an association. I used to attend its meetings, and rejoiced at Dadabhai's solicitude for the students and their respect for him. In course of time at last I mustered up courage to present to him the letter of introduction. "You can come," he said, "and have my advice whenever you like." But I never availed myself of his offer.

I forget now whether it was the same friend who recommended me to meet Mr. Frederick Pincutt. He was a Conservative, but his affection for Indian students was pure and unselfish. Many students sought his advice and I also applied to him for an appointment, which he granted. I can never forget that interview. He greeted me as a friend and laughed away my pessimism. "Rest assured," said he, "that it takes no exceptional skill to be an ordinary lawyer. Common honesty and industry are quite enough to enable him to make a living. All cases are not complicated. Well, let me know the extent of your general reading."

When I acquainted him with my little stock I could see he was rather disappointed. But it was only for a moment. Soon his face beamed with a pleasing smile and he said: "I understand your trouble. Your general reading is meagre. You have no knowledge of the world. You have not even read the history of your own country. A barrister ought to study human nature, and every Indian ought to know Indian history. This has no connection with the practice of law, but you ought to have that knowledge. I see that you have not even read Kay and Malleson's *History of the Mutiny*. Get

hold of that at once and also read one or two books on human nature."

I was extremely grateful to this venerable friend for what he did for me. His advice itself did me very little direct service, but his affection stood me in good stead. His smiling open face stayed in my memory, and I trusted his saying that great ability was not essential to the making of a successful lawyer; honesty and industry were enough. Since I had a fair share of these I felt somewhat reassured. I passed my law examinations and my stay in England drew to an end.

From *My Experiments with Truth.*

III

NATIONAL EDUCATION

So many strange things have been said about my views on national education, that it would perhaps not be out of place to formulate them before the public.

In my opinion, the existing system of education is defective, apart from its association with an utterly unjust Government, in three most important matters:—

1. It is based upon foreign culture to the almost entire exclusion of indigenous culture.

2. It ignores the culture of the heart and the hand, and confines itself simply to the head.

3. Real education is impossible through the medium of a foreign language.

Let us examine the three defects. Almost from the commencement, the text-books deal, not with things the boys and girls have always to deal with in their homes, but things to which they are perfect strangers. It is not through the text-books that the child learns what is right and what is wrong in his home life. He is never taught to have any pride in his surroundings. The higher he goes, the farther he is removed from his home, so that at the end of his education he becomes completely estranged from his surroundings. He feels no poetry about his home life. The village scenes are all a sealed book to him. His own civilization is presented to him as imbecile, barbarous, superstitious, and useless for all practical purposes. His education is calculated to wean him from his traditional culture. And if the mass of educated youths are not entirely denationalized, it is because the ancient culture is too deeply embedded in them to be altogether uprooted even by an education adverse to its growth. If I had my way,

I would certainly destroy the majority of the present text-books and cause to be written text-books which have a bearing on and correspondence with home life, so that a boy as he learns may come to appreciate his immediate environment.

Secondly, whatever may be true of other countries, in India at any rate where more than eighty per cent population is agricultural and another ten per cent industrial, it is a crime to make education merely literary and to render boys and girls unfit for manual work in after-life. Indeed, I hold that, as the large part of our time is devoted to labour for earning our bread, our children must from their infancy, be taught the dignity of such labour. Our children should not be so taught as to despise labour. There is no reason why a peasant's son, after having gone through school, should become useless, as he does become, as an agricultural labourer. It is a sad thing that our schoolboys look upon manual work with disfavour, if not contempt.

Moreover, in India, if we expect, as we must, every boy and girl of school-going age to attend public schools, we have not the means to finance education in accordance with the existing system, nor are millions of parents able to pay the fees that are at present imposed. Education to be universal must therefore be free. I fancy that even under an ideal system of government, we shall not be able to divert two thousand million rupees which we should require for financing education for all the children of school-going age. It follows, therefore, that our children must be made to pay in *labour* partly or wholly for all the education they receive. Such universal labour to be profitable can only be, to my thinking, hand-spinning and hand-weaving. But for the purpose of my proposition, it is immaterial whether we have spinning or any other form of labour, so long as it can be turned to account. Only, it will be found upon examination that on a practical, profitable and extensive scale, there is no occupation other

than the process connected with cloth-production which can be introduced in our schools throughout India.

The introduction of manual training will serve a double purpose in a poor country like ours. It will pay for the education of our children and teach them an occupation on which they can fall back in after-life, if they choose, for earning a living. Such a system must make our children self-reliant. Nothing will demoralize the nation so much as that we should learn to despise labour.

One word only as to the education of the heart. I do not believe that this can be imparted through books. It can be done only through the living touch of the teacher. And, who are the teachers in the primary and even secondary schools? Are they men and women of faith and character? Have they themselves received the training of the heart? Are they even expected to take care of the permanent element in the boys and girls placed under their charge? Is not the method of engaging teachers for lower schools an effective bar against character? Do the teachers get even a living wage? And we know that the teachers of the primary schools are not selected for their patriotism. For the most part they are men who cannot find any other employment.

Finally, the medium of instruction. My views on the point are too well known to need restating. The foreign medium has caused brain-fag, put an undue strain upon the nerves of our children, made them crammers and imitators, unfitted them for original work and thought, and disabled them from being the vehicle of learning for their family or the masses. The foreign medium has made our children practically foreigners in their own land. It is the greatest tragedy of the existing system. The foreign medium has prevented the growth of our vernacular. If I had the power of a dictator I would to-day stop the tuition of our boys and girls through a foreign medium, and require all the teachers and professors

on pain of dismissal to introduce the change forthwith. I would not wait for the preparation of text-books. They will follow the change. It is an evil that needs a summary remedy.

My uncompromising opposition to the foreign medium has resulted in an unwarranted charge being levelled against me of being hostile to foreign culture and the learning of English. No reader of *Young India* could have missed the statements often made by me in these pages, that I regard English as the language of international commerce and diplomacy, and therefore consider its knowledge on the part of some of us as essential. As it contains some of the best riches and treasures of thought and literature, I would certainly encourage its careful study among those who have linguistic talents and expect them to translate those treasures for the nation in its vernaculars.

Nothing can be farther from my thought than that we should become exclusive and erect barriers. But I do respectfully contend that an appreciation of other cultures can fitly follow, never precede, an appreciation and assimilation of one's own. It is my firm opinion that no culture has treasures so rich as ours. We have not studied it, we have been made even to deprecate its study and depreciate its value. We have almost ceased to live it. An academic grasp without practice behind it is like an embalmed corpse, perhaps lovely to look at but nothing to inspire or ennoble. My religion forbids me to belittle or disregard other cultures as it insists upon imbibing and living my own.

CHITTA RANJAN DAS

CHITTA RANJAN DAS

(1870–1925)

In the birth of new India, Bengal has played a decisive role, and Bengal's greatest politician in our times was Chitta Ranjan Das. Like most eminent Bengalis of to-day, Chitta Ranjan belonged to a middle-class Brahmo family with definite progressive views in politics. At an early age he was sent to England for his studies, where he qualified for the Bar, and when he came back it was not politics that claimed his interest but poetry. He published two volumes of verse which had considerable success because of the modernity of some of his themes. Later politics became his chief concern. The Bengal of 1905–1906 could hardly be very encouraging to poetry, and Chitta Ranjan Das threw his whole energy on the side of the Congress which at the time was slowly becoming the most representative body of Indian nationalism. The Rowlatt Act, Jallinawalla Bagh and the first Non-Co-operation movement finally made him give up his large practice at the Bar, and he started the "National University" of Dacca, organized the Congress forces in Bengal and was subsequently arrested (December 1921) and sentenced to six months imprisonment. He presided over the Gaya session (1922) of the Indian National Congress (the following pages are taken from his Presidential address) and two years later the All-India Trade Union Congress of Calcutta, and died in 1925, just at the time when his help would have been of incalculable importance due to the appointment of the Simon Commission, strongly opposed by India. Chitta Ranjan Das (with Motilal Nehru, a great friend of his) was the most powerful personality in Indian politics after Mahatma Gandhi. A man of great culture and of cosmopolitan views, Das was no narrow nationalist. He also brought with him a keen poetic sensibility and an intellectual passion which made him a great orator. Had he lived he might have made the nationalist movement more supple in its activity and yet more forceful.

His chief publications are:

Malancha (The Garden). Poems.
Sagar Sangit (translated as The Song of the Sea by Aurobindo Ghose). Poems.
See *C. R. Das*, by P. C. Ray (Oxford University Press).

What is the ideal which we must set before us? The first and foremost is the ideal of nationalism. Now what is nationalism? It is, I conceive, a process through which a nation expresses itself and finds itself, not in isolation from other nations, not in opposition to other nations, but as part of a great scheme by which, in seeking its own expression and therefore its own identity, it materially assists the self-expression and self-realization of other nations as well: diversity is as real as unity. And in order that the unity of the world may be established it is essential that each nationality should proceed on its own line and find fulfilment in self-expression and self-realization. The nationality of which I am speaking must not be confused with the conception of nationality as it exists in Europe to-day. Nationalism in Europe is an aggressive nationalism, a selfish nationalism, a commercial nationalism of gain and loss. The gain of France is the loss of Germany, and the gain of Germany is the loss of France. Therefore French nationalism is nurtured on the hatred of Germany, and German nationalism is nurtured on the hatred of France. It is not yet realized that you cannot hurt Germany without hurting humanity, and in consequence hurting France; and that you cannot hurt France without hurting humanity, and in consequence hurting Germany. That is European nationalism; that is not the nationalism of which I am speaking to you to-day. I contend that each nationality constitutes a particular stream of the great unity, but no nation can fulfil itself unless and until it becomes itself and at the same time realizes its identity with humanity. The whole problem of nationalism is therefore to find that stream and to face that destiny. If you find the current and establish a continuity with the past, then the process of

self-expression has begun, and nothing can stop the growth of nationality.

Throughout the pages of Indian history, I find a great purpose unfolding itself. Movement after movement has swept over this vast country, apparently creating hostile forces, but in reality stimulating the vitality and moulding the life of the people into one great nationality. If the Aryan and the non-Aryans met, it was for the purpose of making one people out of them. Brahmanism with its great culture succeeded in binding the whole of India and was indeed a mighty unifying force. Buddhism with its protests against Brahmanism served the same great historical purpose; and from Magadha to Taxilla was one great Buddhistic empire which succeeded not only in broadening the basis of Indian unity, but in creating, what is perhaps not less important, the greater India beyond the Himalayas and beyond the seas, so much so that the sacred city where we have met may be regarded as a place of pilgrimage of millions and millions of people of Asiatic races. Then came the Mahommedans of divers races, but with one culture which was their common heritage. For a time it looked as if here was a disintegrating force, an enemy to the growth of Indian nationalism, but the Mahommedans made their home in India, and, while they brought a new outlook and a wonderful vitality to the Indian life, with infinite wisdom, they did as little as possible to disturb the growth of life in the villages where India really lives. This new outlook was necessary for India; and, if the two sister streams met, it was only to fulfil themselves and face the destiny of Indian history. Then came the English with their alien culture, their foreign methods, delivering a rude shock to this growing nationality; but the shock has only completed the unifying process so that the purpose of history is practically fulfilled. The great Indian nationality is in sight. It already stretches its hands across the Himalayas

not only to Asia but to the whole of the world, not aggressively, but to demand its recognition, and to offer its contribution. I desire to emphasize that there is no hostility between the ideal of nationality and that of world peace. Nationalism is the process through which alone will world peace come. A full and unfettered growth of nationalism is necessary for world peace just as a full and unfettered growth of individuals is necessary for nationality. It is the conception of aggressive nationality in Europe that stands in the way of world peace; but once the truth is grasped that it is not possible for a nation to inflict a loss on another nation without at the same time inflicting a loss on itself, the problem of humanity is solved. The essential truth of nationality lies in this, that it is necessary for each nation to develop itself, express itself and realize itself, so that humanity itself may develop itself, express itself, and realize itself. It is my belief that this truth of nationality will endure, although, for the moment, unmindful of the real issue the nations are fighting amongst themselves; and, if I am not mistaken it is the very instinct of selfishness and self-preservation which will ultimately solve the problem, not the narrow and the mistaken selfishness of the present, but a selfishness universalized by intellect and transfigured by spirit, a selfishness that will bring home to the nations of the world that in the efforts to put down their neighbours lies their own ruin and suppression.

We have, therefore, to foster the spirit of nationality. True development of the Indian nation must necessarily lie in the path of Swaraj. A question has often been asked as to what is Swaraj. Swaraj is indefinable and is not to be confused with any particular system of government. Swaraj is the natural expression of the national mind. The full outward expression of that mind covers, and must necessarily cover, the whole life history of a nation. Yet it is true that

Swaraj begins when the true development of a nation begins, because, as I have said, Swaraj is the expression of the national mind. The question of nationalism, therefore, looked at from another point of view, is the same question as that of Swaraj. The question of all questions in India to-day is the attainment of Swaraj.

I now come to the question of method. I have to repeat that it has been proved beyond any doubt that the method of non-violent non-co-operation is the only method which we must follow to secure a system of Government which may in reality be the foundation of Swaraj. It is hardly necessary to discuss the philosophy of non-co-operation. I shall simply state the different viewpoints from which this question may be discussed. From the national point of view the method of non-co-operation means the attempt of the nation to concentrate upon its own energy and to stand on its own strength. From the ethical point of view, non-co-operation means the method of self-purification, the withdrawal from that which is injurious to the development of the nation, and therefore to the good of humanity. From the spiritual point of view, Swaraj means that isolation which in the language of Sadhana is called *protyahar*—that withdrawal from the forces which are foreign to our nature—an isolation and withdrawal which is necessary in order to bring out from our hidden depths the soul of the nation in all her glory. I do not desire to labour the point, but from every conceivable point of view, the method of non-violent non-co-operation must be regarded as the true method of "following in the path of Swaraj."

Doubt has, however, been expressed in some quarters about the soundness of the principle of non-violence. I cannot refuse to acknowledge that there is a body of Indian opinion within the country as well as outside according to which non-violence is an ideal abstraction incapable of realization, and that the only way in which Swaraj can ever be attained

is by the application of force and violence. I do not for a moment question the courage, sacrifice and patriotism of those who hold this view. I know that some of them have suffered for the cause which they believe to be true. But may I be permitted to point out that apart from any question of principle, history has proved over and over again the utter futility of revolutions brought about by force and violence. I am one of those who hold to non-violence on principle. But let us consider the question of expediency. Is it possible to attain Swaraj by violent means? The answer which history gives is an emphatic "No."

I believe in revolutions, but I repeat, violence defeats freedom. The revolution of non-violence is slower but surer. Step by step the soul of the nation emerges and step by step the nation marches on in the path of Swaraj. The only method by which freedom can be attained in India at any rate, is the method of non-violent non-co-operation. Those who believe this method to be impracticable would do well to wonder over the Akali movement. When I saw the injuries of the wounded at Amritsar and heard from their lips that not one of them had ever wished to meet violence by violence in spite of such great provocation, I said to myself, here was the triumph of non-violence.

Non-violence is not an idle dream. It was not in vain that Mahatma declared "put up thy sword into the sheath." Let those who are "of the truth" hear his voice as those others heard a mightier voice two thousand years ago.

The attempt of the Indian nation to attain Swaraj by this method was, however, met by severe repression. The time has come for us to estimate our success as well as our failure. So far as repression is concerned, it is easy to answer the question. I have not the least doubt in my mind that the nation has triumphed over the repression which was started and continued to kill the soul of the movement.

But the question, which agitates most minds, is as to whether we have succeeded in our work of non-violent non-co-operation. There is, I am sorry to say, a great deal of confusion of thought behind the question. It is assumed that a movement must either succeed or fail, whereas the truth is that human movements, I am speaking of genuine movements, neither altogether succeed nor altogether fail. Every genuine movement proceeds from an ideal, and the ideal is always higher than the achievement. Take the French Revolution. Was it a success? Was it a failure? To predict either would be a gross historical blunder. Was the non-co-operation movement in India a success? Yes, a mighty success when we think of the desire for Swaraj which it has succeeded in awakening throughout the length and breadth of this vast country. It is a great success when we think of the practical results of such awakening, in the money which the nation contributed, in the enrolment of members of the Indian National Congress and in the boycott of foreign cloth. I go further and say that the practical achievement also consists of the loss of prestige suffered by educational institutions and the courts of law and the reformed councils throughout the country. If they are still resorted to, it is because of the weakness of our countrymen. The country has already expressed its strong desire to end these institutions. Yet it must be admitted that from another point of view, when we assess the measure of our success in the spirit of arithmetic, we are face to face with "the petty done" and "the undone vast." There is much which remains to be accomplished. Non-violence has to be more firmly established. The work of non-co-operation has to be strengthened, and the field of non-co-operation has to be extended. We must be firm but reasonable. The spirit of sacrifice has got to be further strengthened, and we must proceed with the work of destruction and creation more vigorously than before. I say to our critics, I admit we have

failed in many directions, but will you also not admit our success where we have succeeded?

It remains for me to deliver to you a last message of hope and confidence. There is no royal road to freedom, and dark and difficult will be the path leading to it. But dauntless is your courage, and firm your resolution; and though there will be reverses, sometimes severe reverses, they will only have the effect of speeding your emancipation from the bondage of a foreign government.

Be it yours to wage a spiritual warfare so that the victory when it comes, does not debase you, nor tempt you to retain the power of government in your own hands. But if yours is to be a spiritual warfare, your weapons must be those of the spiritual soldier. Anger is not for you, hatred is not for you; nor for you is pettiness, meanness or falsehood. For you is the hope of dawn and the confidence of the morning, and for you is the song that was sung of Titan, chained and imprisoned but the champion of man, in the Greek fable:

> To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
> To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
> To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
> Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
> This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
> Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
> This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory.

AUROBINDO GHOSE

AUROBINDO GHOSE

(1872-)

Aurobindo Ghose is the most astounding personality of contemporary India. A poet of keen sensibility, a revolutionary who was once the dread of British Government—he was in prison for a year for attempting to "wage war against the King"—he is to-day the most original thinker in the Yogic School of thought. His Asram in Pondicherry, whither he retired to escape British surveillance, attracts Rabindranath Tagore and the Tamil poet Subrahmanya Bharathi, and Dilip Kumar Roy the musician has made his home there. The originality of Aurobindo lies in the successful way in which he has been able to create a new synthesis between modern European thought and traditional Indian philosophy. He believes that we are to-day at a turning point in the spiritual history of man, when "new knowledge, new powers, new capacities, will create a revolution in human life as great as did the physical sciences of the 19th Century." He is convinced that supermen, not in the sense Nietzsche (who has deeply influenced him) used it, but in the Yogic sense of attaining to the Godhead—these supermen he believes will have to play a great part in such a revolution. Aurobindo Ghose lives constantly in intense meditation sometimes lasting for many weeks together. According to him God himself has to be brought down to our earth, and thus the spiritual and the material made one in a manner which the great philosophies have always envisaged.

Aurobindo is also a great scholar in Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, French, German, and is acquainted with many of the Indian languages as well. We give here the concluding chapter from his *The Ideal of Human Unity*. His chief publications are:—

Superman.
Ishopanishad.
Ideal of Karma Yogin.
Yoga and its Origin.
Brain of India.
The Ideal of Human Unity.
Yogin Sadhan.
Love and Death.
Commentaries on the Gita. (English edition under the title: *The Message of the Gita.* G. Allen & Unwin).
India's Mission in the World.

In other words—and this is the conclusion at which we arrive—while it is possible to construct a precarious and quite mechanical unity by political and administrative means, the unity of the human race, even if achieved, can only be secured and can only be made real by the religion of humanity which is at present the highest active ideal of mankind, spiritualizing itself and becoming the general inner law of human life.

The outward unity may well achieve itself—possibly though by no means certainly—because that is the inevitable final trend of the workings of nature in human society which make for larger and yet larger aggregations and cannot fail to arrive at a total aggregation of mankind in a closer international system.

This working of nature depends for its means of fulfilment upon two forces which combine to make the larger aggregation inevitable. First, there is the increasing closeness of common interests or at least the interlacing and interrelation of interests in a larger and yet larger circle which makes old divisions an obstacle and a cause of weakness, obstruction and friction, and the clash and collision that comes out of this friction a ruinous calamity to all, even to the victor who has to pay a too heavy price for his gains; and even these expected gains, as war becomes more complex and disastrous, are becoming more and more difficult to achieve and the success problematical. The increasing perception of this community or interrelation of interests and unwillingness to face the consequences of collision and ruinous struggle must lead men to welcome any means for mitigating the divisions which lead to such disasters. If the trend to the mitigation of divisions is once given a definite form, that

commences an impetus which drives towards closer and closer union. If she cannot arrive by these means, if the incoherence is too great for the trend of unification to triumph, nature will use other means, such as war and conquest or the temporary domination of a powerful state or empire or the menace of a domination compelling those threatened to adopt a closer system of union. It is these means and this force of outward necessity which she used to create nation-units and national empires, and, however modified in the circumstances and workings, it is at bottom the same force and the same means which she is using to drive mankind towards international unification.

But, secondly, there is the force of a common uniting sentiment. This may work in two ways; it may come before as an originating or contributory cause or it may come afterwards as a cementing result. In the first place, the sentiment of a larger unity springs up among units which were previously divided and leads them to seek after a form of union, which may then be brought about principally by the force of the sentiment and its idea or by that secondarily as an aid to other and more outward events and causes. We may note that in earlier times this sentiment was insufficiently effective, as among the petty clan or regional nations, and unity had ordinarily to be effected by outward circumstances and generally by the grossest of them, by war and conquest, by the domination of the most powerful among many warring or contiguous peoples. But in latter times, the force of the sentiment of unity, supported as it has been by a clearer political idea, has become more effective and the larger national aggregates have grown up by a simple act of federation or union, though this has sometimes had to be preceded by a common struggle for liberty or a union in war against a common enemy; so have grown into one the United States, Italy, Germany, and more peacefully the Australian and

South African federations. But in other cases, especially in the earlier national aggregations, the sentiment of unity has grown up largely or entirely as the result of the formal, outward or mechanical union. But whether to form or to preserve the growth of the sentiment, the psychological factor is indispensable; without it there can be no secure and lasting union. Its absence, the failure to create such a sentiment or to make it sufficiently living, natural, forcible, has been the cause of the precariousness of such aggregates as Austro-Hungary and of the ephemeral character of the empires of the past, even as it is likely to bring about, unless circumstances change, the collapse or disintegration of the great present-day empires.

The trend towards an international world-unification which is now just beginning to declare itself, though the causes which made it inevitable have been for some time at work, is being brought about by the pressure of need and environment, by outward circumstances. At the same time, there is a sentiment which is being stimulated by these outward circumstances, a cosmopolitan, international sentiment, still rather nebulous and vaguely ideal, which may accelerate the growth of the formal union. In itself this sentiment would be an insufficient cement for the preservation of any mechanical union which might be created, for it could not easily be so close and forcible a sentiment as the national. It would have to subsist on the conveniences of union as its only substantial provender, and the experience of the past shows that this is in the end unable to resist the pressure of unfavourable circumstances and the reassertion of old or the effective growth of new centrifugal forces. But it is being aided by a more powerful force, a sort of intellectual religion of humanity, clear in the minds of the few, vaguely felt in its effects and its disguises by the many, which has largely helped to bring about much of the trend of the modern mind and the

drift of its developing institutions. This is a psychological force which tends to break beyond the formula of the nation and aspires to replace the religion of country and even, in its more extreme forms, to destroy altogether the national sentiment and to abolish its divisions so as to create the single nation of mankind.

We may say, then, that this trend must eventually realize itself, however great may be the difficulties; and they are really enormous, much greater than those which attended the national formation. If the present unsatisfactory condition of international relations should lead to a series of cataclysms, either large and world-embracing like the Great War or, though each more limited in scope, yet in their sum world-pervading and necessarily, by the growing interrelation of interests, affecting those who do not fall directly under their touch, then mankind will be forced in self-defence to a new, closer and more stringently unified order of things. Its choice will be between that and a lingering suicide. If the human reason cannot find out the way, Nature herself is sure so to shape these upheavals as to bring about her end. Therefore whether soon or in the long run, whether brought about by its own growing sentiment of unity, stimulated by common interest and convenience, or by the evolutionary pressure of circumstances—we may take it that an eventual realization of at least some formal unification of human life on earth is —the incalculable being always allowed for—practically inevitable.

We have tried to show from the analogy of the past evolution of the nation that this international unification must culminate or at least is likely to culminate in one or two forms, either a centralized world-State or a looser world-union which may be either a close federation or a simple confederacy of the peoples for the common ends of mankind. It is the last form which seems to us the most desirable, because

it gives sufficient scope for the principle of variation which is necessary for the free play of life and the healthy progress of the race. The process by which the world-State may come starts with the creation of a central body which will at first have very limited functions, but, once created, must absorb by degrees all the different functions of a centralized international control, as the State, first in the form of a monarchy and then of a parliament, has been absorbing by degrees the whole control of the life of the nation, so that we are now within measurable distance of a centralized socialistic State which will leave no part of the life of its individuals unregulated. A similar process in the world-State will end in the taking up and the regulation of the whole life of the peoples into its hands; it may even end by abolishing national individuality and turning the divisions that it has created into mere departmental groupings, provinces and districts of the one common State. Such an eventuality may seem now a mere unrealizable idea, but it is one which, under certain conditions that are by no means beyond the scope of ultimate possibility, may well become feasible and even, after a certain point is reached, inevitable. A federal system and still more a confederacy would mean, on the other hand, the preservation of the national basis and a greater or less freedom of national life, but the subordination of national to the larger of the common international interests and of full separate freedom to the greater international necessities.

It may be questioned whether the past analogies are a safe guide in a problem so new and whether something else might not be evolved more intimately and independently arising from it and suitable to its complexities. But mankind even in dealing with its new problems works upon past experience and therefore upon past motives and analogies; even when it seizes on new ideas, it goes upon the past in the form it gives to them, and behind the changes of the most

radical revolutions we see this unavoidable principle of continuity surviving in the heart of the new order. Moreover, these alternatives seem the only way in which the two forces in presence can work out their conflict, either by the disappearance of the one, the separate national instinct, or by an accommodation between them. On the other hand, it is quite possible that human thought and action may take so new a turn as to bring in a number of unforeseen possibilities and lead to a quite different ending. And one might upon these lines set one's imagination to work and produce perhaps a Utopia of a better kind; such constructive efforts of the human imagination have their value, and often a very great value. But any such speculations would evidently have been out of place in the study we have attempted.

Assuredly, neither of the two alternatives and none of the three forms we have considered are free from serious objections. A centralized world-State would signify the triumph of the idea of mechanical unity or rather uniformity. It would inevitably mean the undue depression of an indispensable element in the vigour of human life and progress, the free life of the individual, the free variation of the peoples. It must end, if it becomes permanent and fulfils all its tendencies, either in a death in life, a stagnation or by the insurgence of some new saving but revolutionary force or principle which would shatter the whole fabric into pieces. The mechanical tendency is one to which the logical reason of man becomes easily addicted and its operations are, too, obviously the easiest to manage and the most ready to hand; its full evolution may seem to the reason desirable, necessary, inevitable, but its end is predestined. A centralized, socialistic State may be a necessity of the future, but a reaction from it is equally a necessity; the greater its pressure, the more certainly will it be met by spread of the spiritual, the intellectual, the vital and practical principle of Anarchism in revolt against that

mechanical pressure. So, too, a centralized mechanical world-State must rouse in the end a similar force against it and might well end in a crumbling up and disintegration, even in the necessity for a repetition of the cycle of humanity ending in a better attempt to solve the problem. The only thing that could keep it in being would be if humanity agreed to allow all the rest of its life to be regularized for it for the sake of peace and stability and took refuge for its individual freedom in the spiritual life, as happened once under the Roman Empire, and even that would be only a temporary solution. Again, a federal system would tend inevitably to establish one general type for human life, institutions and activities and allow only a play of minor variations; but with that the need of variation in living nature could not always rest satisfied. On the other hand, a looser confederacy might well be open to the objection that it would give too ready a handle for centrifugal forces, were such to arise in new strength, and that it could not be permanent, but must turn after all in one direction or the other and end either in a centralization or a break-up of unity.

The saving element needed is a new psychological factor which will at once make a united life necessary to humanity and force it to respect the principle of freedom. The religion of humanity seems to be the one growing force which tends in that direction; for it makes for the sense of human oneness, it has the idea of the race, and yet at the same time it respects the human individual and the natural human grouping. But its present intellectual form seems hardly sufficient. The idea, powerful in itself and in its effects, is yet not powerful enough to mould the whole life of the race in its image; it has to concede too much to the egoistic side of human nature, once all and still nine-tenths of our being, with which its larger idea is in conflict; and on the other side, leaning principally on the reason, it helps too much the mechanical solution. For

the rational idea ends always by being captured by its machinery and becoming the slave of the machine, until a new idea revolts against it and breaks up the machinery only to substitute in the end another mechanical system.

A spiritual religion of humanity is the hope of the future. By this we do not mean what is ordinarily called a universal religion, a system, a thing of creed and intellectual belief. Mankind has tried unity by that means; it has failed and deserved to fail, because there can be no universal religious system. The inner spirit is indeed one, but more than any other the spiritual life insists on freedom and variation in its self-expression and means of development. What is meant, is the growing realization that there is a secret Spirit, a divine reality, in which we are all one and of which humanity is the highest vehicle on earth and that the human race and the human being are the means by which it will progressively reveal itself here, with a growing attempt to live out this knowledge and bring about a kingdom of this divine Spirit upon earth. It means that oneness with our fellow-men will become the leading principle of all our life, not merely a principle of co-operation, but a deeper brotherhood, a real and an inner sense of unity and equality; the realization by the individual that only in the life of his fellow-men is his own life complete, the realization by the race that only on the free and full life of the individual can its own perfection and permanent happiness be founded; a way of salvation in accordance with this religion, that is to say, a means by which it can be developed by each man within himself, so that it may be developed in the life of the race. To go into all that this implies, would be too large a subject to be entered upon here; it is enough to point out that in this direction lies the eventual road. No doubt, if this is only an idea like the rest, it will go the way of all ideas; but if it is at all a truth of our being, then it must be the truth to which all is moving and in

it must be found the means of a fundamental, an inner, a complete, a real human unity which would be the one secure base of a unification of human life. A spiritual oneness creating a psychological oneness which would not depend upon intellectual or other uniformity, and compelling a oneness of life which would also not depend on its mechanical means of unification, but would find itself enriched by a free inner variation and a freely varied outer self-expression, this would be the basis for a higher type of human existence.

Could such a realization develop rapidly in mankind, we might then solve the problem of unification in a deeper and truer way from the inner truth to the outer forms. Until then, the attempt to bring it about by mechanical means must proceed. But the higher hope of humanity lies in the growing number of men who will realize this truth and seek to develop it in themselves, so that when the mind of man is ready to escape from its mechanical bent—perhaps when it finds that its mechanical solutions are all temporary and disappointing—the truth of the Spirit may step in and lead humanity to the path of its highest possible happiness and perfection.

R. P. PARANJPYE

R. P. PARANJPYE

(1876–)

An eminent representative of the still, small voice of reason, Dr. Paranjpye has taken a very prominent part in social and educational movements, particularly in the education of women. He was the Vice-Chancellor of Indian Women's University, Poona, for four years (1916–1920) and is at present the Vice-Chancellor of Lucknow University. The significance of Dr. Paranjpye's work resides in its uncompromising modernity and rationalism, and its refreshing sense of humour. Unlike many Indian public men of his generation, he has successfully resisted the lures of revivalism and continues to look for light to Voltaire, Darwin and Huxley instead of turning to Sankaracharya, Ramanuja, or the still more ancient Sacred Texts. His general attitude is expressed in *The Crux of the Indian Problem*, from which two chapters are published here.

I

STAGNATION AND GROWTH

The principle of authority, by its very nature, implies stagnation wherever it may be applied. It lays down definite rules formulated by some past or extraneous agency; therefore growth or change to suit new conditions is checked, if not altogether prevented. Of course, no human institution follows out all the logical consequences of its fundamental conception, and even the most hide-bound societies display some signs of adaptation to environment. But it makes all the difference in the world whether this adaptation takes place easily or only at the cost of an enormous expenditure of energy which could be better utilized.

Let us take an illustration from the political field. It is a fair point for argument whether an able, conscientious, and public-spirited despot or dictator may not at a particular moment conduce to the greatest amount of well-being in a country. But the ideas of even such a superman may not necessarily prove an efficient guide for long. He may come to think that the people should have implicit faith in his good intentions and accept what he thinks best for them; he may be confronted with new conditions to which he is not accustomed, he may get old, or the elasticity of his mental powers may diminish while his greed of power remains unabated. New rivals may appear who were unknown in the earlier days of his régime. Above all, he will be lucky if he completes his career before the discontent against him is able to raise its head.

It is, in fact, the universal lesson of history that very few great dictators have died quietly in their beds, and that hardly any one of them has been able to pass on the succession peacefully to his son. The departure of such a dictator is generally

the occasion for a long period of tumult and agitation which is hardly compensated for by the temporary prosperity enjoyed in earlier years.

On the other hand, we see that a reasonably efficient constitutional government, although it may not be able to boast of the glories (whatever they really were) of the rule of an Akbar, a Cromwell, a Caesar, or a Mussolini, contains within itself the machinery for its improvement or its adaptation to altered circumstances. Hence political thought is not likely, in spite of some temporary happenings in present-day world politics, to support the abolition of constitutional democracy in favour of dictatorship. In other words, democracy is dynamic in its nature, while autocracy is merely static.

The same line of argument applies to the realms of morals, intellect, and social science.

In a society where the relations of the sexes had been very loose, it was probably a very great reform to get a general acceptance of the principle that a man should have no more than four wives on condition that all the four were treated exactly alike. But when this principle became embodied in holy writ it became very difficult to get polygamy condemned by law, though in practice its abuses were recognized and the implied condition of equality of treatment could never be observed.

Again, when the usual remedies against disease consisted of the ministrations of a witch-doctor or a priest, it was indeed a great gain to add to these ministrations some empirical medicines or simple surgical operations. But when such new methods, being once accepted, became part and parcel of a new Veda, and thus acquired a supernatural significance, the science of medicine refused to profit by new discoveries or the knowledge and experience of other peoples. Even now we see in India the solid prejudice against modern medicine, and read of continual battles between indigenous and Western

systems, when the proper way would be to keep pace with the progress of medical and surgical science, always retaining what is best in the indigenous systems.

When the fingers and toes were the only aids to computation, the use of the *abacus* was indeed a great step forward; but it would have been absurd to continue the use of the *abacus* when the decimal system of notation was introduced. Newton was indeed a pioneer when he developed the system of fluxions; but the almost divine authority attached to Newton's work in England and the rigid adherence to his methods kept British mathematics in the background for over a century, while on the Continent immense progress was being made by means of the new methods of Euler, Lagrange, the Bernouillis, and others. It required a great campaign on the part of Babbage and his contemporaries early in the nineteenth century to substitute "pure *d*-ism for the old *dot*age."

The consequences of the reign of authority are still graver in matters broadly called religious, as these claim to belong to an absolutely distinct order of ideas. Any questioning of authority here is regarded not only as a sign of intellectual rebellion, but as a kind of moral and social enormity, so great that for many long centuries almost all the peoples of the world have been convinced that it should be suppressed with all possible rigour. Imprisonment, torture, and death by every conceivable method have been used to uphold religious authority. Wars have been fought to decide between conflicting theories about the nature of God and the powers and functions of religious leaders. The Inquisition tried for many years to suppress by fire and sword any questioning of the dogmas of the existing faith.

Indeed, intolerance and religious persecution form the most lamentable feature of the whole history of the human race. No country or people is free from it. From the most

uncivilized savages in the wilds of Africa to the most civilized nations of Europe and America we can read the same story of intolerance, physical and mental persecution, and the fettering of the innate capacities of the human mind. What a different world we should now have if there had been no such obstacles to progress through the free use of reason!

It is not our purpose, however, to indulge in vain regrets for the past, but to look to the future and try to ensure that henceforward, at any rate, these fetters shall be broken, and the capabilities of the human mind shall have the fullest scope. Whatever progress the world has made since *homo sapiens* was fully differentiated from his anthropoid ancestors has been due to the use of his reasoning faculty. The ape goes on doing things by instinct alone. Man prides himself on the possession and use of reason; he thinks he can consciously affect his surroundings. In so far as he allows any external authority to circumscribe the use of his reason, he is allowing his distinctive human nature to be reduced to the level of the brute creation and the possible growth of his own and future generations to be retarded.

II

RATIONALISM AND RELIGION

Rationalism has been defined as "the mental attitude which unreservedly accepts the supremacy of reason and aims at establishing a system of philosophy and ethics verifiable by experience and independent of all arbitrary assumptions or authority."

In these words the Rationalist movement explains the ideal which it seeks to further. It believes that by the universal adoption of this attitude humanity will make very rapid progress, and that the sum of human happiness in the world will increase and the aggregate of pain and misery will vastly diminish. A person with this mental attitude will, on the whole, be better fitted for his environment and will increase his own human value and render his maximum contribution to the well-being of his fellows.

Rationalism, in other words, is correct thinking, the full use of the faculty of reason with which man is endowed. A Rationalist is prepared to face all problems and bring his reason to bear on them to the best of his ability. If he is unable to solve any of them, he is not prepared to accept so-called solutions that do not stand the test of his reason, but is content for the moment to acknowledge his ignorance. He has a profound hope that with time the bounds of human knowledge and experience will gradually get wider and wider; and he refuses to say of any subject whatever: "Thus far and no farther shalt thou go." He declines absolutely to be bound by the fiat of any extraneous authority in any intellectual, moral, or social domain.

A Rationalist is, however, not to be confounded with an anarchist. The Rationalist is prepared to accept provisional

conclusions when they are not inconsistent with any facts within his cognizance; but he is always equally ready to give up those conclusions when new facts are discovered which do not fit in with them. Nay, further, he tacitly accepts the responsibility for discovering new facts whenever he can, and in any case is not deterred from pursuing his research by the possibility of coming across new unpleasant facts. As a unit of society he accepts such of the prevailing customs as are not contrary to his reason. He is even prepared to examine sympathetically any such custom, on the ground that its existence may have had some rational basis in some particular set of circumstances. The vast field of human history is part of the data on which he seeks to build his future. But he is sure that the book of human history can never be closed and is being continually enlarged. His quarrel is with the man who maintains that the word *finis* has been written on certain sections of that history, and that all that is hereafter possible for him to do is to annotate these closed sections.

While the Rationalist principle is applied to every phase of human activity, its particular object for attack for the present is bound to be the theological spirit which pervades and holds in fetters all portions of the human race in greater or lesser degree. I use the word "theological" in preference to "religious," as the latter word has varying meanings with different persons, and no definition of the word "religion" has yet been generally accepted. If an advocate of religion can be brought to discuss such matters with a Rationalist at all, it is generally found that his religion becomes gradually sublimated into vague aspirations for humanity's future, a lively realization of the limits of human knowledge on ultimate concepts, or even a mere enunciation of the basis of ethical rules and practices. But at the back of the mind of such an advocate of religion there remain such dogmas as the efficacy of prayer, the observance of various mechanical religious practices, or

belief in a prophet or a saviour who is all-powerful and who can interfere at will in the ordinary course of nature.

The Rationalist, on the other hand, has not only aspirations for humanity's future, but hopes of the continuous and unlimited progress of mankind, for which he is prepared to work strenuously. The Rationalist not only realizes that knowledge of ultimate concepts has its limits, but, being aware of the futility of any search after them, devotes his attention all the more readily to those subjects which are within the range of the human mind. He has a firmer hold over the principles of morality, since for him these principles are based on the facts of human nature and not on the commandments of any authority or scripture. By him, moreover, even moral principles are no longer regarded as static in nature, but share the dynamic quality of continuous progress and adaptation. Thus they become more of a living reality than they can be to the servile follower of time-worn creeds and shibboleths.

The theological spirit is, in fact, the very antithesis of the spirit of modern science. The protagonists of theology have done their best to strangle or control the march of science in all ages and in all countries. They have gradually had to give way, and are often ashamed of the part that their predecessors took in this conflict. On many points they have had to accept the new positions, however unwillingly, but are still prepared to fight every inch of fresh ground. Their hold over the common people is still enormous, and they strive to strengthen it in every possible way. Whenever science honestly declares its inability for the moment to offer a solution they are ready to supply one, however illogical.

On the ultimate questions of philosophy—"How?" "Why?" "Whither?"—the Rationalist is content to acknowledge his ignorance. He feels that the facts of consciousness are the data of his being, and that it is very probably impossible

for his limited faculties to apprehend anything of the infinite or the absolute. The theological expert on the other hand, is ready to make endless assumptions which are in the nature of things incapable of verification. He looks with contempt on the Rationalist who candidly acknowledges his inability to say how or by whom the world was created.

The religious view is that the universe shows signs of a conscious purpose running through it all. Leaving aside for the moment the legitimate retort that the very recognition of this conscious purpose arises from his own consciousness, such a purpose does not necessarily imply an ultimate creator. A proximate creator one can perhaps grasp intellectually; but the idea of an ultimate creator is beyond the scope of the finite human mind. By observing the working of a gramophone we may say that it must have been made by somebody out of various materials. From a study of these materials we can go back to the iron manufacturer; and from the iron manufacturer back to the miner who extracted the ores from the bowels of the earth. From the earth we can go back to the sun; thence to the nebula. Science may take some steps even further back, but it seems impossible that this chain can be finally closed.

Beyond a certain point we enter the region of unverified and unverifiable theories, and the best position seems to be to stop at the limits marked by the solid foundation of reason. The theist considers the retort, "Who made God?" as flippant and sacrilegious. But there is really no answer to this question, and the agnostic position of Rationalists is assuredly the most logical that can be taken.

Postulating the existence of God and clothing him with certain attributes which are generally those of an ideal man as he imagines him, the theist proceeds to raise an elaborate superstructure which he considers to be the only true solution of the problem of the universe. If he is confronted with

unpleasant facts which do not fit in with this solution, he either refuses to accept them or proceeds to construct a further labyrinth in which he gets more and more lost. An all-powerful and all-beneficent God is inconsistent with the existence of pain and evil in the world which he himself is supposed to have created, and of whose properties and future behaviour he must have been thoroughly cognizant. He must therefore be either not all-powerful or not all-beneficent. Nor is the problem of pain and evil brought any nearer solution by assuming the existence of a devil in addition to a God. There arise immediately the unanswerable questions: "Who created the Devil?" "Cannot God change his evil mentality?" "Why does not God kill the Devil?" It is all an intellectual tangle, and the best way is to keep out of it altogether.

Similar considerations of the most obvious character apply to the doctrine of Karma, which lies at the root of Hinduism and allied religions and is enunciated with the object of explaining the existence of pain and evil in the world. If the pain you suffer now is the consequence of some misdeeds you committed in a former existence, you can legitimately ask: Why was I tempted in that existence to commit those misdeeds? Then you are taken back to a still further existence, and so on, into the remotest past. But even assuming the usual number (8,400,000) of the different kinds of lives, the questions still remain: What happened in the first of these, and why? How did the series of events leading to pain and evil first begin?

The only acceptable answer is that it is all "behind the veil, behind the veil!" of human knowledge and consciousness.

ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY

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(1877-)

Critic and historian of Indian and Indonesian Art, Dr. Coomaraswamy was educated in England and has spent the best part of his life in Europe and America. But this fact has in no way lessened his awareness of his Oriental heritage; it has, in fact, served to heighten it. Dr. Coomaraswamy's approach to the problems of Indian aesthetics often tends to be particular rather than comparative or dialectical. It must be added, however, that this is actually a virtue and not a limitation. It enables him to bring the special characteristics of Indian Art into sharp relief. And Indian Art, which has suffered so much from neglect and want of appreciation during the late nineteenth century, certainly needed such undivided attention. The extract published here is taken from *The Dance of Siva*; it gives the underlying thesis of Dr. Coomaraswamy's interpretation of the Indian concept of beauty. Other works by him:

Mediaeval Sinhalese Art.
Rajput Painting.
History of Indian and Indonesian Art.
A New Approach to the Vedas.
The Transformation of Nature in Art.
Art and Swadeshi.

THAT BEAUTY IS A STATE

It is very generally held that natural objects, such as human beings, animals or landscapes, and artificial objects, such as factories, textiles or works of intentional art, can be classified as beautiful or ugly. And yet no general principle of classification has ever been found; and that which seems to be beautiful to one is described as ugly by another. In the words of Plato "Everyone chooses his love out of the objects of beauty according to his own taste."

To take, for example, the human type: every race, and to some extent, every individual, has a unique ideal. Nor can we hope for a final agreement; we cannot expect the European to prefer the Mongolian features, nor the Mongolian the European. Of course, it is very easy for each to maintain the absolute value of his own taste and to speak of other types as ugly; just as the hero of chivalry maintains by force of arms that his own beloved is far more beautiful than any other. In like manner the various sects maintain the absolute value of their own ethics. But it is clear that such claims are nothing more than statements of prejudice, for who is to decide which racial ideal or which morality is "best"? It is a little too easy to decide that our own is best; we are, at the most, entitled to believe it the best for us. This relativity is nowhere better suggested than in the classic saying attributed to Majñūn, when it was pointed out to him that the world at large regarded his Lailā as far from beautiful. "To see the beauty of Lailā," he said, "requires the eyes of Majñūn."

It is the same with works of art. Different artists are inspired by different objects; what is attractive and stimulating to one is depressing and unattractive to another, and the choice also varies from race to race and epoch to epoch. As to the appreciation of such works, it is the same; for men in general

admire only such works as by education or temperament they are predisposed to admire. To enter into the spirit of an unfamiliar art demands a greater effort than most are willing to make. The classic scholar starts convinced that the art of Greece has never been equalled or surpassed, and never will be; there are many who think, like Michael Angelo, that because Italian painting is good, therefore good painting is Italian. There are many who never yet felt the beauty of Egyptian sculpture or Chinese or Indian painting or music: that they have also the hardihood to deny their beauty, however, proves nothing.

It is also possible to forget that certain works are beautiful: the eighteenth century had thus forgotten the beauty of Gothic sculpture and primitive Italian painting, and the memory of their beauty was only restored by a great effort in the course of the nineteenth. There may also exist natural objects or works of art which humanity only very slowly learns to regard as in any way beautiful; the Western aesthetic appreciation of desert and mountain scenery, for example, is no older than the nineteenth century; and it is notorious that artists of the highest rank are often not understood till long after their death. So that the more we consider the variety of human election, the more we must admit the relativity of taste.

And yet there remain philosophers firmly convinced that an absolute beauty (*rasa*)[1] exists, just as others maintain the conceptions of absolute goodness and absolute truth. The lovers of God identify these absolutes with Him (or It) and maintain that He can only be known as perfect beauty, love and truth. It is also widely held that the true critic (*rasika*) is able to decide which works of art are beautiful (*rasavant*) and which are not; or in simpler words, to distinguish works of genuine art from those that have no claim

[1] *Rasa: rasavant* and *rasika* are the principal terms of Indian aesthetics.

to be so described. At the same time we must admit the relativity of taste, and the fact that all gods (*devas* and *Īśvaras*) are modelled after the likeness of men.

It remains, then, to resolve the seeming contradictions. This is only to be accomplished by the use of more exact terminology. So far have I spoken of "beauty" without defining my meaning, and have used one word to express a multiplicity of ideas. But we do not mean the same thing when we speak of a beautiful girl and a beautiful poem; it will be still more obvious that we mean two different things, if we speak of beautiful weather and a beautiful picture. In point of fact, the conception of beauty and the adjective "beautiful" belong exclusively to aesthetic and should only be used in aesthetic judgment. We seldom make any such judgments when we speak of natural objects as beautiful; we generally mean that such objects as we call beautiful are congenial to us, practically or ethically. Too often we pretend to judge a work of art in the same way, calling it beautiful if it represents some form or activity of which we heartily approve, or if it attracts us by the tenderness of gaiety of its colour, the sweetness of its sounds or the charm of its movement. But when we thus pass judgment on the dance in accordance with our sympathetic attitude towards the dancer's charm or skill, or the meaning of the dance, we ought not to use the language of pure aesthetic. Only when we judge a work of art aesthetically may we speak of the presence or absence of beauty, we may call the work *rasavant* or otherwise; but when we judge it from the standpoint of activity, practical or ethical, we ought to use a corresponding terminology, calling the picture, song or actor "lovely," that is to say "lovable," or otherwise, the action "noble," the colour "brilliant," the gesture "graceful," or otherwise, and so forth. And it will be seen that in doing this we are not really judging the work of art as such, but only the material and the separate parts

of which it is made, the activities they represent, or the feelings they express.

Of course, when we come to choose such works of art to live with, there is no reason why we should not allow the sympathetic and ethical considerations to influence our judgment. Why should the ascetic invite annoyance by hanging in his cell some representation of the nude, or the general select a lullaby to be performed upon the eve of battle? When every ascetic and every soldier has become an artist there will be no more need for works of art: in the meanwhile ethical selection of some kind is allowable and necessary. But in this selection we must clearly understand what we are doing, if we would avoid an infinity of error, culminating in that type of sentimentality which regards the useful, the stimulating, and the moral elements in works of art as the essential. We ought not to forget that he who plays the villain of the piece may be a greater artist than he who plays the hero. For beauty—in the profound words of Millet —does not arise from the subject of a work of art, but from the necessity that has been felt of representing that subject.

We should only speak of a work of art as good or bad with reference to its aesthetic quality; only the subject and the material of the work are entangled in relativity. In other words, to say that a work of art is more or less beautiful, or *rasavant*, is to define the extent to which it is a work of art, rather than a mere illustration. However important the element of sympathetic magic in such a work may be, however important its practical applications, it is not in these that its beauty consists.

Many have rightly insisted that the beauty of a work of art is independent of its subject, and truly, the humility of art, which finds its inspiration everywhere, is identical with the humility of love, which regards alike a dog and a Brahman—and of science, to which the lowest form is as significant as

the highest. And this is possible, because it is one and the same undivided all.

If a beauteous form we view
'Tis His reflection shining through.

It will now be seen in what sense we are justified in speaking of absolute beauty, and in identifying this beauty with God. We do not imply by this that God (Who is without parts) has a lovely form which can be the object of knowledge; but that in so far as we see and feel beauty, we see and are one with Him. That God is the first artist does not mean that He created forms, which might not have been lovely had the hand of the potter slipped; but that every natural object is an immediate realization of His being. This creative activity is comparable with aesthetic expression in its non-volitional character; no element of choice enters into that world of imagination and eternity, but there is always perfect identity of intuition-expression, soul and body. The human artist who discovers beauty here or there is the ideal *guru* of Kabir, who "reveals the Supreme Spirit wherever the mind attaches itself."

MOHAMMAD IQBAL

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(1877–1938)

The formative currents of Iqbal's thought were drawn from two very different sources. One of these originates in the metaphysicians and Sufi mystics of Persia; the other in the writings of Goethe and Nietzsche. The actual synthesis of these widely divergent streams that emerges in Iqbal's poetry and philosophical works is, however,

of a highly original and individual nature. It has sometimes been suggested that Iqbal is primarily the poet of Islamic revival in India. But this is only a half-truth. The appeal of his poetry is not limited to any one community, and to regard him purely as a poet of Islam is to do him an injustice. It is well to remember that his early Urdu songs expressed in their full poignancy all the yearnings and aspirations of the nascent Indian nationalism, that his poem *India* has always enjoyed a popularity almost as great as that of Bankam Chandra Chatterjee's *Vande Mataram* ("I salute thee Mother"). In his later phase, it is true, Iqbal's name came to be associated with the advocates of Pan-Islamism. But even there his approach to the problem was, in the last analysis, essentially non-communal, and it would be a mistake to rank him among the professional, middle-class communal leadership. "My object in my Persian books," he wrote to Dr. Nicholson, who has translated his *Asrar-i-Khudi* (Secrets of Self) into English, "is not the advocacy of Islam. I wanted to put forth before the world a new social system, and of course it is impossible in this attempt to ignore a social system whose primary object is to abolish all distinctions of race, colour, tongue, and blood, and which preaches universality of the best kind." Whether the revival of such a pure form of Islam is a practical proposition, given the social conditions of our time, is open to question. But the validity, or otherwise, of his revivalistic argument does not seem to affect in any real sense the value of Iqbal's poetry or the quality of his thought. The significance of his poetry derives from the fact that it reflects a mature sensibility and embodies an experience of unusual richness and depth; and his philosophical writings possess a measure of precision and concreteness rather rare in a country where diffuseness is easily mistaken for profundity. As he remarks in the essay published in this anthology—taken from *Six Lectures on the Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*—it is this concern for the concrete and the finite that draws him to Islamic thought. The complete works of Iqbal include:

The Developments of Metaphysics in Persia.
The Secrets of Self (translation of *Asrar-i-Khudi*).
Ramuz-i-Bekhudi (Persian).
Zabur-i-Ajam (Persian).
Bang-i-Dara (Urdu).

"Mahommed of Arabia ascended the highest Heaven and returned. I swear by God that if I had reached that point, I should never have returned." These are the words of a great Muslim saint, Abdul Quddus of Gangoh. In the whole range of Sufi literature it will be probably difficult to find words which, in a single sentence, disclose such an acute perception of the psychological difference between the prophetic and the mystic types of consciousness. The mystic does not wish to return from the repose of "unitary experience"; and even when he does return, as he must, his return does not mean much for mankind at large. The prophet's return is creative. He returns to insert himself into the sweep of time with a view to control the forces of history, and thereby to create a fresh world of ideals. For the mystic the repose of "unitary experience" is something final; for the prophet it is the awakening, within him, of world-shaking psychological forces, calculated to completely overhaul the world of concrete fact. The desire to see his religious experience transformed into a living world-force is supreme in the prophet. Thus his return amounts to a kind of pragmatic test of the value of his religious experience. In its creative act the prophet's will judges both itself and the world of concrete fact in which it endeavours to objectify itself. In penetrating the impervious material before him the prophet discovers himself for himself, and unveils himself to the eye of history. Another way of judging the value of a prophet's religious experience, therefore, would be to examine the type of manhood that he has created, and the cultural world that has sprung out of the spirit of his message. In this lecture I want to confine myself to the latter alone. The idea is not to give you a description of the achievements of Islam in the domain of knowledge.

I want rather to fix your gaze on some of the ruling concepts of the culture of Islam in order to gain an insight into the process of ideation that underlies them, and thus to catch a glimpse of the soul that found expression through them. Before, however, I proceed to do so it is necessary to understand the cultural value of a great idea in Islam—I mean the finality of the institution of prophethood.

A prophet may be defined as a type of mystic consciousness in which "unitary experience" tends to overflow its boundaries, and seeks opportunities of redirecting or refashioning the forces of collective life. In his personality the finite centre of life sinks into his own infinite depths only to spring up again, with fresh vigour, to destroy the old, and to disclose the new directions of life. This contact with the root of his own being is by no means peculiar to man. Indeed the way in which the word "Wahy" (inspiration) is used in the Quran shows that the Quran regards it as a universal property of life; though its nature and character is different at different stages of the evolution of life. The plant growing freely in space, the animal developing a new organ to suit a new environment, and a human being receiving light from the inner depths of life, are all cases of inspiration varying in character according to the needs of the recipient, or the needs of the species to which the recipient belongs. Now during the minority of mankind psychic energy develops what I call prophetic consciousness—a mode of economizing individual thought and choice by providing ready-made judgments, choices and ways of action. With the birth of reason and critical faculty, however, life, in its own interest, inhibits the formation and growth of non-rational modes of consciousness through which psychic energy flowed at an earlier stage of human evolution. Man is primarily governed by passion and instinct. Inductive reason, which alone makes man master of his environment, is an achievement; and when once born it must

be reinforced by inhibiting the growth of other modes of knowledge. There is no doubt that the ancient world produced some great systems of philosophy at a time when man was comparatively primitive and governed more or less by suggestion. But we must not forget that this system-building in the ancient world was the work of abstract thought which cannot go beyond the systematization of vague religious beliefs and traditions, and gives us no hold on the concrete situations of life.

Looking at the matter from this point of view, then, the prophet of Islam seems to stand between the ancient and the modern world. In so far as the source of his revelation is concerned he belongs to the modern world. In him life discovers other sources of knowledge suitable to its new direction. The birth of Islam, as I hope to be able presently to prove to your satisfaction, is the birth of inductive intellect. In Islam prophecy reaches its perfection in discovering the need of its own abolition. This involves the keen perception that life cannot for ever be kept in leading strings; that in order to achieve full self-consciousness man must finally be thrown back on his own resources. The abolition of priesthood and hereditary kingship in Islam, the constant appeal to reason and experience in the Quran, and the emphasis that it lays on nature and history as sources of human knowledge, are all different aspects of the same idea of finality. The idea, however, does not mean that mystic experience which qualitatively does not differ from the experience of the prophet, has now ceased to exist as a vital fact. Indeed, the Quran regards both "Anfus" (self) and "Afaq" (world) as sources of knowledge. God reveals His signs in inner as well as outer experience, and it is the duty of man to judge the knowledge-yielding capacity of all aspects of experience. The idea of finality, therefore, should not be taken to suggest that the ultimate fate of life is complete displacement of emotion by

reason. Such a thing is neither possible nor desirable. The intellectual value of the idea is that it tends to create an independent critical attitude towards mystic experience by generating the belief that all personal authority, claiming a supernatural origin, has come to an end in the history of man. This kind of belief is a psychological force which inhibits the growth of such authority. The function of the idea is to open up fresh vistas of knowledge in the domain of man's inner experience. Just as the first half of the formula of Islam has created and fostered the spirit of a critical observation of man's outer experience by divesting the forces of nature of that divine character with which earlier cultures had clothed them. Mystic experience, then, however unusual and abnormal, must now be regarded by a Muslim as a perfectly natural experience, open to critical scrutiny like other aspects of human experience. This is clear from the prophet's own attitude towards Ibn-i-Sayyad's psychic experiences. The function of Sufiism in Islam has been to systematize mystic experience; though it must be admitted that Ibn-i-Khaldun was the only Muslim who approached it in a thoroughly scientific spirit.

But inner experience is only one source of human knowledge. According to the Quran there are two other sources of knowledge—nature and history; and it is in tapping these sources of knowledge that the spirit of Islam is seen at its best. The Quran sees signs of the ultimate reality in the "sun," the "moon," "the lengthening out of shadows"; "the alternation of day and night"; "the variety of human colour and tongues," "the alternation of the days of success and reverse among peoples"—in fact in the whole of nature as revealed to the sense-perception of man. And the Muslim's duty is to reflect on these signs and not to pass by them "as if he is deaf and blind," for he "who does not see these signs in this life will remain blind to the realities of the life to come."

This appeal to the concrete combined with the slow realization that, according to the teachings of the Quran, the universe is dynamic in its origin, finite and capable of increase, eventually brought Muslim thinkers into conflict with Greek thought which, in the beginning of their intellectual career, they had studied with so much enthusiasm. Not realizing that the spirit of the Quran was essentially anti-classical, and putting full confidence in Greek thinkers, their first impulse was to understand the Quran in the light of Greek philosophy. In view of the concrete spirit of the Quran, and the speculative nature of Greek philosophy which enjoyed theory and was neglectful of fact, this attempt was foredoomed to failure. And it is what follows their failure that brings out the real spirit of the culture of Islam, and lays the foundation of modern culture in some of its most important aspects.

This intellectual revolt against Greek philosophy manifests itself in all departments of thought. I am afraid I am not competent enough to deal with it as it discloses itself in mathematics, astronomy and medicine. It is clearly visible in the metaphysical thought of the Ash'arite, but appears as a most well-defined phenomenon in the Muslim criticism of Greek logic. This was only natural; for dissatisfaction with purely speculative philosophy means the search for a surer method of knowledge. It was, I think, Nazzam who first formulated the principle of "doubt" as the beginning of all knowledge. Ghazali further amplified it in his *Revivification of the Sciences of Religion*, and prepared the way for "Descartes' Method." But Ghazali remained on the whole a follower of Aristotle in logic. In his "Qistas" he puts some of the Quranic arguments in the form of Aristotelian figures, but forgets the Quranic Sura known as Shu'ara where the proposition that retribution follows the gainsaying of prophets is established by the method of simple enumeration of historical instances. It was Ishraqi and Ibn-i-Taimiyya who undertook a syste-

matic refutation of Greek logic. Abu Bakr Razi was perhaps the first to criticize Aristotle's first figure, and in our own times his objection, conceived in a thoroughly inductive spirit, has been reformulated by John Stuart Mill. Ibn-i-Hazm, in his *Scope of Logic* emphasizes sense-perception as a source of knowledge; and Ibn-i-Taimiyya, in his *Refutation of Logic* shows that induction is the only form of reliable argument. Thus arose the method of observation and experiment. It was not a merely theoretical affair. Al-Beruni's discovery of what we call re-action time and Al-Kindi's discovery that sensation is proportionate to the stimulus, are instances of its application in psychology. It is a mistake to suppose that the experimental method is a European discovery. Dühring tells us that Roger Bacon's conceptions of science are more just and clear than those of his celebrated namesake. And where did Roger Bacon receive his scientific training? In the Muslim universities of Spain. Indeed, part V of his *Opus Majus*, which is devoted to "perspective," is practically a copy of Ibn-i-Haitham's Optics. Nor is the book as a whole lacking in evidences of Ibn-i-Hazm's influence on its author. Europe has been rather slow to recognize the Islamic origin of her scientific method. But full recognition of the fact has at last come. Let me quote one or two passages from Briffault's *Making of Humanity:*

It was under their successors at the Oxford School that Roger Bacon learned Arabic and Arabic Science. Neither Roger Bacon nor his later namesake has any title to be credited with having introduced the experimental method. Roger Bacon was no more than one of the apostles of Muslim science and method to Christian Europe; and he never wearied of declaring that knowledge of Arabic and Arabic Science was for his contemporaries the only way to true knowledge. Discussions as to who was the originator of the experimental method . . . are part of the colossal misrepresentation of the origins of European civilization. The experimental method of

Arabs was by Bacon's time widespread and eagerly cultivated throughout Europe.

Science is the most momentous contribution of Arab civilization to the modern world; but its fruits were slow in ripening. Not until long after Moorish culture had sunk back into darkness did the giant which it had given birth rise in his might. It was not science only which brought Europe back to life. Other and manifold influences from the civilization of Islam communicated its first glow to European life.

For although there is not a single aspect of European growth in which the decisive influence of Islamic culture is not traceable, nowhere is it so clear and momentous as in the genesis of that power which constitutes the permanent distinctive force of the modern world, and the supreme source of its victory—natural science and the scientific spirit.

The debt of our science to that of the Arabs does not consist in startling discoveries of revolutionary theories; science owes a great deal more to Arab culture, it owes its existence. The ancient world was, as we saw, pre-scientific. The Astronomy and Mathematics of the Greeks were a foreign importation never thoroughly acclimatized in Greek culture. The Greeks systematized, generalized, and theorized, but the patient ways of investigation, the accumulation of positive knowledge, the minute methods of science, detailed and prolonged observation and experimental enquiry were altogether alien to the Greek temperament. Only in Hellenistic Alexandria was any approach to scientific work conducted in the ancient classical world. What we call science arose in Europe as a result of new spirit of enquiry, of new methods of investigation, of the method of experiment, observation, measurement, of the development of Mathematics in a form unknown to the Greeks. That spirit and those methods were introduced into the European world by the Arabs.

The first important point to note about the spirit of Muslim culture then is that for purposes of knowledge, it fixes its gaze on the concrete, the finite. It is further clear that the birth of the method of observation and experiment in Islam was due not to a compromise with Greek thought but to a

prolonged intellectual warfare with it. In fact, the influence of the Greeks who, as Briffault says, were interested chiefly in theory, not in fact, tended rather to obscure the Muslim's vision of the Quran, and for at least two centuries kept the practical Arab temperament from asserting itself and coming to its own. I want therefore definitely to eradicate the misunderstanding that Greek thought, in any way, determined the character of Muslim culture. Part of my argument you have seen; part you will see presently.

Knowledge must begin with the concrete. It is the intellectual capture of and *power* over the concrete that makes it possible for the intellect of man to pass beyond the concrete. As the Quran says:

> O company of djin and men, if you can overpass the bounds of the Heaven and the Earth, then overpass them. But by *power* alone shall ye overpass them (55 : 33).

But the universe, as a collection of finite things, presents itself as a kind of island situated in a pure vacuity to which time, regarded as a series of mutually exclusive moments, is nothing and does nothing. Such a vision of the universe leads the reflecting mind nowhere. The thought of a limit to perceptual space and time staggers the mind. The finite, as such, is an idol obstructing the movement of the mind; or in order to overpass its bounds the mind must overcome serial time and the pure vacuity of perceptual space. "And verily towards thy God is the limit," says the Quran. This verse embodies one of the deepest thoughts in the Quran; for it definitely suggests that the ultimate limit is to be sought not in the direction of stars, but in an infinite cosmic life and spirituality. Now the intellectual journey towards this ultimate limit is long and arduous; and in this effort, too, the thought of Islam appears to have moved in a direction entirely different to the Greeks. The ideal of the Greeks, as Spengler tells us,

was proportion, not infinity. The physical presentness of the finite with its well-defined limits alone absorbed the mind of the Greeks. In the history of Muslim culture, on the other hand, we find that both in the realms of pure intellect, and religious psychology, by which term I mean higher Sufiism, the ideal revealed is the possession and enjoyment of the Infinite. In a culture, with such an attitude, the problem of space and time becomes a question of life and death.

One reason why the atomism of Democritus never became popular in the world of Islam is that it involves the assumption of an absolute space. The Ash'arite were, therefore, driven to develop a different kind of atomism, and tried to overcome the difficulties of perceptual space in a manner similar to modern atomism. On the side of mathematics it must be remembered that since the days of Ptolemy (A.D. 87–165) till the time of Nasir Tusi (A.D. 1201–74) nobody gave serious thought to the difficulties of demonstrating the certitude of Euclid's parallel postulate on the basis of perceptual space. It was Tusi who first distürbed the calm which had prevailed in the world of mathematics for a thousand years; and in his effort to improve the postulate realized the necessity of abandoning perceptual space. He thus furnished a basis, however slight, for the hyperspace movement of our time. It was, however, Al-Beruni who, in his approach to the modern mathematical idea of function saw, from a purely scientific point of view, the insufficiency of a static view of the universe. This again is a clear departure from the Greek view. The function-idea introduces the element of time in our world-picture. It turns the fixed into the variable, and sees the universe not as being but as becoming. Spengler thinks that the mathematical idea of function is the symbol of the West of which "no other culture gives even a hint." In view of Al-Beruni's generalizing Newton's formula of interpolation from trigonometrical function to any function whatever, Spengler's

claim has no foundation in fact. The transformation of the Greek concept of number from pure magnitude to pure relation really began with Khawrazmi's movement from arithmetic to algebra. Al-Beruni took a definite step forward towards what Spengler describes as chronological number which signifies the mind's passage from being to becoming. Indeed, more recent developments in European mathematics tend rather to deprive time of its living historical character, and to reduce it to a mere representation of space. That is why Whitehead's view of Relativity is likely to appeal to Muslim students more than that of Einstein in whose theory time loses its character of passage and mysteriously translates itself into utter space.

Side by side with the progress of mathematical thought in Islam we find the idea of evolution gradually shaping itself. It was Jahiz who was the first to note the changes in bird-life caused by migrations. Later Ibn-i-Maskwaih, who was a contemporary of Al-Beruni, gave it the shape of a more definite theory, and adopted it in his theological work—Al-Fauz-ul-Asghar. I reproduce here the substance of his evolutionary hypothesis, not because of its scientific value, but because of the light which it throws on the direction in which Muslim thought was moving.

According to Ibn-i-Maskwaih, plant-life at the lowest stage of evolution does not need any seed for its birth and growth. Nor does it perpetuate its species by means of the seed. This kind of plant-life differs from minerals only in some little power of movement which grows in higher forms, and reveals itself further in that the plant spreads out its branches, and perpetuates its species by means of the seed. The power of movement gradually grows further until we reach trees which possess a trunk, leaves and fruit. At a higher stage of evolution stand forms of plant-life which need better soil and climate for their growth. The last stage of development

is reached in vine and date-palm which stand, as it were, on the threshold of animal life. In the date-palm a clear sex-distinction appears. Besides roots and fibres it develops something which functions like the animal brain, on the integrity of which depends the life of the date-palm. This is the highest stage in the development of plant-life, and a prelude to animal life. The first forward step towards animal life is freedom from earth-rootedness, which is the germ of conscious movement. This is the initial stage of animality in which the sense of touch is the first, and the sense of sight is the last to appear. With the development of the senses the animal acquires freedom of movement, as in the case of worms, reptiles, ants and bees. Animality reaches its perfection in the horse among quadrupeds and the falcon among birds, and finally arrives at the frontier of humanity in the ape which is just a degree below man in the scale of evolution. Further evolution brings physiological changes with a growing power of discrimination and spirituality until humanity passes from barbarism to civilization.

But it is really religious Psychology, as in Iraqi and Khawaja Mohammad Parsa, which brings us much nearer to our modern ways of looking at the problem of space and time. Iraqi's view of time-stratifications I have given you before. I will now give you the substance of his views of space.

According to Iraqi the existence of some kind of space in relation to God is clear from the following verses of the Quran:

Dost thou not see that God knoweth all that is in the Heavens and all that is in the Earth? Three persons speak not privately together, but He is their fourth; nor five, but He is their sixth; nor fewer nor more, but wherever they be He is with them. (58 : 8).

Ye shall not be employed in affairs, nor shall ye read a text out of the Quran, nor shall ye work any work, but We will be witness over you when you are engaged therein; and the weight of an atom

on Earth or in Heaven escapeth not thy Lord; nor is there weight that is less than this or greater, but it is in the Perspicuous Book (10 : 62).

We created man, and We know what his soul whispereth to him, and We are closer to him than his neck-vein (50 : 15).

But we must not forget that the words proximity, contact, and mutual separation, which apply to material bodies do not apply to God. Divine life is in touch with the whole universe on the analogy of the soul's contact with the body. The soul is neither inside nor outside the body; neither proximate to nor separate from it. Yet its contact with every atom of the body is real, and it is impossible to conceive this contact except by positing some kind of space which befits the subtleness of the soul. The existence of space in relation to the life of God, therefore, cannot be denied; only we should carefully define the kind of space which may be predicated of the Absoluteness of God. Now there are three kinds of space—the space of material bodies, the space of immaterial beings, and the space of God. The space of material bodies is further divided into three kinds. First, the space of gross bodies of which we predicate roominess. In this space movement takes time, bodies occupy their respective places and resist displacement. Secondly, the space of subtle bodies, *e.g.* air and sound. In this space, too, bodies resist each other, and their movement is measurable in terms of time which, however, appears to be different to the time of gross bodies. The air in a tube must be displaced before other air can enter into it; and the time of sound-waves is practically nothing compared to the time of gross bodies. Thirdly, we have the space of light. The light of the sun instantly reaches the remotest limits of the earth. Thus in the velocity of light and sound, time is reduced almost to zero. It is, therefore, clear that the space of light is different to the space of air and sound. There is, however, a more effective argument than this.

The light of a candle spreads in all directions in a room without displacing the air in the room; and this shows that the space of light is more subtle than the space of air which has no entry into the space of light. In view of the close proximity of these spaces, however, it is not possible to distinguish the one from the other except by purely intellectual analysis and spiritual experience. Again in the hot water the two opposites—fire and water—which appear to interpenetrate each other cannot, in view of their respective natures, exist in the same space. The fact cannot be explained except on the supposition that the spaces of the two substances, though closely proximate to each other are nevertheless distinct. But while the element of distance is not entirely absent, there is no possibility of mutual resistance in the space of light. The light of a candle reaches up to a certain point only, and the lights of a hundred candles intermingle in the same room without displacing one another.

Having thus described the spaces of physical bodies possessing various degrees of subtleness Iraqi proceeds briefly to describe the main varieties of space operated upon by the various classes of immaterial beings, e.g. angels. The element of distance is not entirely absent from these spaces; for immaterial beings, while they can easily pass through stone walls, cannot altogether dispense with motion which, according to Iraqi, is evidence of imperfection in spirituality. The highest point in the scale of spatial freedom is reached by the human soul which, in its unique essence, is neither at rest nor in motion. Thus passing through the infinite varieties of space we reach the divine space which is absolutely free from all dimensions and constitutes the meeting point of all infinities.

From this summary of Iraqi's view you will see how a cultured Muslim Sufi intellectually interpreted his spiritual experience of time and space in an age which had no idea

of the theories and concepts of modern mathematics and physics. Iraqi is really trying to reach the concept of space as a dynamic appearance. His mind seems to be vaguely struggling with the concept of space as an infinite continuum; yet he was unable to see the full implications of his thought partly because he was not a mathematician and partly because of his natural prejudice in favour of the traditional Aristotelian idea of a fixed universe. Again the interpenetration of the super-spacial "here" and super-eternal "now" in the ultimate reality suggests the modern notion of space-time which Professor Alexander, in his lectures on "Space, Time, and Deity," regards as the matrix of all things. A keener insight into the nature of time would have led Iraqi to see that time is more fundamental of the two, and that it is not a mere metaphor to say, as Professor Alexander does say, that time is the mind of space. Iraqi conceives God's relation to the universe on the analogy of the relation of the human soul to the body; but instead of philosophically reaching this position through a criticism of the spatial and temporal aspects of experience, he simply postulates it on the basis of his spiritual experience. It is not sufficient merely to reduce space and time to a vanishing point-instant. The philosophical path that leads to God as the omnipsyche of the universe lies through the discovery of living thought as the ultimate principle of space-time. Iraqi's mind, no doubt, moved in the right direction; but his Aristotelian prejudices, coupled with a lack of psychological analysis, blocked his progress. With his view that divine time is utterly devoid of change—a view obviously based on an inadequate analysis of conscious experience—it was not possible for him to discover the relation between divine time and serial time, and to reach through this discovery, the essentially Islamic idea of continuous creation which means a growing universe.

Thus all lines of Muslim thought converge on a dynamic

conception of the universe. This view is further reinforced by Ibn-i-Maskwaih's theory of life as an evolutionary movement, and Ibn-i-Khaldun's view of history. History or, in the language of the Quran, "the days of God," is the third source of human knowledge according to the Quran. It is one of the most essential teachings of the Quran that nations are collectively judged, and suffer for their misdeeds here and now. In order to establish this proposition the Quran constantly cites historical instances, and urges upon the reader to reflect on the past and present experience of mankind.

Of old did We send Moses with Our signs; and said to him, "Bring forth thy people from the darkness into the light, *and remind them of the days of God.*" Verily, in this are signs for every patient, grateful person (14 : 5).

And among those whom we had created are a people who guide others with truth, and in accordance therewith act *justly, But as for those who treat Our signs as lies, We gradually bring them down by means of which they know not; and though I lengthen their days, verily, My strategem is effectual* (7 : 181).

Already, before your time, have *precedents* been made. *Traverse the Earth then, and see what hath been the end of those who falsify the signs of God!* (3 : 131).

If a wound hath befallen you, a wound like it hath already befallen others; *We alternate the days of successes and reverses among peoples* (3 : 134).

Every nation hath its fixed period (7 : 32).

The last verse is rather an instance of a more specific historical generalization which, in its epigrammatic formulation, suggests the possibility of a scientific treatment of the life of human societies regarded as organisms. It is, therefore, a gross error to think that the Quran has no germs of a historical doctrine. The truth is that the whole spirit of the Prolegomena of Ibn-i-Khaldun appears to have been mainly due to the inspiration which the author must have received

from the Quran. Even in his judgments of character he is, in no small degree, indebted to the Quran. An instance in point is his long paragraph devoted to an estimate of the character of the Arabs as a people. The whole paragraph is a mere amplification of the following verses of the Quran:

The Arabs of the desert are most stout in unbelief and dissimulation; and likelier it is that they should be unaware of the laws which God hath sent down to His Apostle; and God is Knowing, Wise.

Of the Arabs of the desert there are some who reckon what they expend in the cause of God as tribute, and wait for some change of fortune to befall you: a change for evil shall befall them! God is the Hearer, the Knower (9 : 98, 99).

However, the interest of the Quran in history, regarded as a source of human knowledge, extends further than mere indications of historical generalizations. It has given us one of the most fundamental principles of historical criticism. Since accuracy in recording facts which constitute the material of history, is an indispensable condition of history as a science, and an accurate knowledge of facts ultimately depends on those who report them, the very first principle of historical criticism is that the reporter's personal character is an important factor in judging his testimony. The Quran says:

O believers! if any bad man comes to you with a report, clear it up at once (49 : 6).

It is the application of the principle embodied in this verse to the reporters of the Prophet's traditions out of which were gradually evolved the canons of historical criticism. The growth of historical sense in Islam is a fascinating subject. The Quranic appeal to experience, the necessity to ascertain the exact sayings of the Prophet, and the desire to furnish permanent sources of inspiration to posterity—all these forces

contributed to produce such men as Ibn-i-Ishaq, Tabari and Mas'udi. But history, as an art of firing the reader's imagination, is only a stage in the development of history as a genuine science. The possibility of a scientific treatment of history means a wider experience, a greater maturity of practical reason, and finally a fuller realization of certain basic ideas regarding the nature of life and time. These ideas are in the main two; and both form the foundation of the Quranic teaching.

1. The unity of human origin. "And We have created you all from *one* breath of life," says the Quran. But the perception of life as an organic unity is a slow achievement, and depends for its growth on a people's entry into the main current of world-events. This opportunity was brought to Islam by the rapid development of a vast empire. No doubt Christianity, long before Islam, brought the message of equality to mankind; but Christian Rome did not rise to the full apprehension of the idea of humanity as a single organism. As Flint rightly says, "No Christian writer and still less, of course, any other in the Roman Empire, can be credited with having had more than a general and abstract conception of human unity." And since the days of Rome the idea does not seem to have gained much in depth and rootage in Europe. On the other hand the growth of territorial nationalism, with its emphasis on what is called national characteristics, has tended rather to kill the broad human element in the art and literature of Europe. It was quite otherwise with Islam. Here the idea was neither a concept of philosophy nor a dream of poetry. As a social movement the aim of Islam was to make the idea a living factor in the Muslim's daily life, and thus silently and imperceptibly to carry it towards fuller fruition.

2. A keen sense of the reality of time, and the concept of life as a continuous movement in time. It is this conception

of life and time which is the main point of interest in Ibn-i-Khaldun's view of history, and which justifies Flint's eulogy that "Plato, Aristotle, Augustine were not his peers, and all others were unworthy of being even mentioned along with him." From the remarks that I have made above I do not mean to throw doubt on the originality of Ibn-i-Khaldun. All that I mean to say is that, considering the direction in which the culture of Islam had unfolded itself, only a Muslim could have viewed history as a continuous, collective movement, a real inevitable development in time. The point of interest in this view of history is the way in which Ibn-i-Khaldun conceives the process of change. His conception is of infinite importance because of the implication that history, as a continuous movement in time, is a genuinely creative movement and not a movement whose path is already determined. Ibn-i-Khaldun was not a metaphysician. Indeed he was hostile to metaphysics. But in view of the nature of his conception of time he may fairly be regarded as a forerunner of Bergson. I have already discussed the intellectual antecedents of this conception in the cultural history of Islam. The Quranic view of the "alternation of day and night" as a symbol of the ultimate reality which "appears in a fresh glory every moment, the tendency in Muslim metaphysics to regard time as objective. Ibn-i-Maskwaih's view of life as an evolutionary movement, and lastly Al-Beruni's definite approach to the conception of nature as a process of becoming—all this constituted the intellectual inheritance of Ibn-i-Khaldun. His chief merit lies in his acute perception of, and systematic expression to the spirit of the cultural movement of which he was a most brilliant product. In the work of his genius the anti-classical spirit of the Quran scores its final victory over Greek thought; for with the Greeks time was either unreal, as in Plato and Zeno, or moved in a circle, as in Heraclitus and the Stoics. Whatever may be the criterion

by which to judge the forward steps of a creative movement, the movement itself, if conceived as cyclic, ceases to be creative. Eternal recurrence is not eternal creation; it is eternal repetition.

We are now in a position to see the true significance of the intellectual revolt of Islam against Greek philosophy. The fact that this revolt originated in a purely theological interest shows that the anti-classical spirit of the Quran asserted itself in spite of those who began with a desire to interpret Islam in the light of Greek thought.

It now remains to eradicate a grave misunderstanding created by Spengler's widely read book, *The Decline of the West*. His two chapters devoted to the problem of Arabian culture constitute a most important contribution to the cultural history of Asia. They are, however, based on a complete misconception of the nature of Islam as a religious movement, and of the cultural activity which it initiated. Spengler's main thesis is that each culture is a specific organism, having no point of contact with cultures that historically precede or follow it. Indeed, according to him, each culture has its own peculiar way of looking at things which is entirely inaccessible to men belonging to a different culture. In his anxiety to prove this thesis he marshals an overwhelming array of facts and interpretations to show that the spirit of European culture is through and through anti-classical. And this anti-classical spirit of European culture is entirely due to the specific genius of Europe and not to any inspiration she may have received from the culture of Islam which, according to Spengler, is thoroughly "magian" in spirit and character. Spengler's view of the spirit of modern culture is, in my opinion, perfectly correct. I have, however, tried to show in these lectures that the anti-classical spirit of the modern world has really arisen out of the revolt of Islam against Greek thought. It is obvious that such a view cannot be acceptable

to Spengler; for if it is possible to show that the anti-classical spirit of modern culture is due to the inspiration which it received from the culture immediately preceding it, the whole argument of Spengler regarding the complete mutual independence of cultural growths would collapse. I am afraid Spengler's anxiety to establish this thesis has completely perverted his vision of Islam as a cultural movement.

By the expression "magian culture" Spengler means the common culture associated with what he calls "magian group of religions," i.e. Judaism, ancient Chaldean religion, Early Christianity, Zoroastrianism and Islam. That a magian crust has grown over Islam, I do not deny. Indeed, my main purpose in these lectures has been to secure a vision of the spirit of Islam as emancipated from its magian overlayings which, in my opinion, have misled Spengler. His ignorance of Muslim thought on the problem of time, as well as of the way in which the "I" as a free centre of experience, has found expression in the religious experiences of Islam, is simply appalling. Instead of seeking light from the history of Muslim thought and experience, he prefers to base his judgment on vulgar beliefs as to the beginning and end of time. Just imagine a man of overwhelming learning finding support for the supposed fatalism of Islam in such Eastern expressions and proverbs as the "vault of time," and "everything has a time"! However, on the origin and growth of the concept of time in Islam, and on the human ego as a free power, I have said enough in these lectures. It is obvious that a full examination of Spengler's view of Islam, and of the culture that grew out of it will require a whole volume. In addition to what I have said before, I shall offer here one more observation of a general nature.

"The kernel of the prophetic teaching," says Spengler, "is already magian. There is one God—be He called Jehova, Ahurmazda, or Marduk-Baal—who is the principle of good,

and all other deities are either impotent or evil. To this doctrine there attached itself the hope of a Messiah, very clear in Isaiah, but also bursting out everywhere during the next centuries, under pressure of an inner necessity. It is the basic idea of magian religion, for it contains implicitly the conception of the world-historical struggle between good and evil, with the power of evil prevailing in the middle period, and the good finally triumphant on the day of judgment." If this view of the prophetic teaching is meant to apply to Islam it is obviously a misrepresentation. The point to note is that the magian admitted the *existence* of false gods; only he did not turn to worship them. Islam denies the very *existence* of false gods. In this connection Spengler fails to appreciate the cultural value of the idea of the finality of prophethood in Islam. No doubt, one important feature of magian culture is a perpetual attitude of expectation, a constant looking forward to the coming of Zoroaster's unborn sons, the Messiah, or the Paraclete of the Fourth Gospel. I have already indicated the direction in which the student of Islam should seek the cultural meaning of the doctrine of finality in Islam. It may further be regarded as a psychological cure for the magian attitude of constant expectation which tends to give a false view of history. Ibn-i-Khaldun, seeing the spirit of his own view of history, has fully criticized and, I believe, finally demolished the alleged revelational basis in Islam of an idea similar, at least in its psychological effects, to the original magian idea which had reappeared in Islam under the pressure of magian thought.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

(1879-)

The Hon'ble C. Rajagopalachari, Prime Minister of Madras, comes from a middle-class Brahmin family of South India. He gave up his legal profession, and joined the first *Satyagraha* movement of the twenties, in which he played a very prominent part. He has been since then closely associated with Mahatma Gandhi, whose principles of truth in politics and non-violence in action have become his creed. He has written books on Socrates and Marcus Aurelius, and also on the Gita and the Upanishads. He is also a very fine short-story writer in Tamil. The following pages are taken from his *Jail Diary*, written during his imprisonment after the first 1920–21 *Satyagraha*.

I

JAIL COMPANIONS

It is a rare privilege to live safely in such strange company. On one side, passing over Md. Ghouse, are always two or three men sentenced by revengeful courts or under disciplinary jurisdiction of the jail superintendent to solitary and dark cells. A thick wooden door is drawn over the ordinary barred cell-door to keep off light and air. What is left is the hole in the opposite wall and two tiny round holes in the roof leading into the curved tubing supposed to act as ventilators. The warders are less cruel than the regulations, and often leave the wooden door undrawn when they do not expect the Superintendent to come and see. I am placed in one of these rooms. But the wooden door is not drawn. Just now there is a young Mussulman lad of Ambur, sturdy, bright and handsome as made by God and condemned to this kind of imprisonment by man, for some outburst of animal spirits, some assault in company with friends (or it may be for a more serious deviation from the law), and he says he is now kept in a solitary cell, locked in day and night except for a few minutes to take in his food and water thrice a day, and a heavy wooden door is drawn across the iron bars of the cell-door and bolted, so that God's light and air may not reach him. Luckily there is a hole in the wall nine inches in height and a yard long, which is not provided with any wooden or other shutter, but is only barred. Next is a Mopla undergoing by jail rules a month's solitary confinement in the course of his ten years' sentence of hard labour for manslaughter. He is not shut out from light by the wooden door, but only locked in.

On the other side, beyond Sastriar's cell, are four young

men awaiting death at the gallows. Kept in closest confinement, under special guard day and night, sturdy youths who are as cheerful as soldiers in a cantonment, always sitting close against the cell-door, for it is the nearest approach to freedom and light, and doing nothing, counting the hours and the tedious days that keep pending their routine petitions to Government. They watch, and sometimes jeer at me, in natural jealousy, as I move about without a guard, enjoying comparative luxuries such as going to the tap to bathe or wash my dish or bring water and pass in front of them, a Brahmin, clean and in white clothes as if to mock at their condition. From behind my cell comes the constant chatter and the monotonous jokes with which another set of condemned unfortunates pass their days awaiting the gallows. I have not seen their faces for I should not stroll behind this block, though the compound is the same; but their voices, their foul language and oft-repeated attempts at humour, and their occasional prayers in desperation, and utterances of God's name, are as familiar to me as the activities of fellow tenants of the same house should be. The most prosaic thing is the chatter of warders keeping guard over the condemned men and at nights it reaches an intolerable pitch. If I complain, the chief warder will, I suppose, punish them or at least prohibit them from making noise, not out of deference for my sleep, but because sentries should not enjoy themselves by chatting according to the jail rules. But this would be only to make myself a hated object among these poor semi-starved fellows, who think they are free men, but have to live the same life as the prisoners over whom they are supposed to keep guard.

Then at dead of night comes the convict night-watchman's heavy tread (for his shoes are ill-fitting and heavy). Himself a prisoner, often for a long time for murder or other heinous offence, watch after watch, he stands in front of my cell and throws the light of his lantern into it to see if I have

escaped or am safe inside! These convict overseers and convict night-watchmen are a curious heirarchy worthy of study. They are given white clothes reaching to the ends of arms and legs and unlike the ordinary prisoners a leather belt and a white head-gear. The convict number instead of hanging by a string round the neck on a shabby disc is engraved on a little brass shield pinned to the vest on the right chest and kept shining like a medal or other emblem of honour. The higher ranks of this hierarchy go with a baton as an emblem of discipline and power. The convict-warder gets his rice-food, and, I understand, a rupee a month, which is banked for him without interest against his day of release. That is his pay for his work. They get remissions from four to eight days in the month; almost all the arduous work, including supervision over prisoners' work and watch at nights is got out of these convict officials; and they are efficient according to the ideals of the Prison Code; for any disobedience, impertinence, delinquency, default or displeasure means summary removal from the convict hierarchy and degradation to the state of convict prisoner over whom they had just before exercised such tyrannic discipline. This fall is so much dreaded that the convict warder is prepared to do anything to avoid it. Hence the efficiency. This is the slave system made self-supporting, even in the matter of supervision. . . .

With to-day, I have been one month in jail. In time-values also, the prison is not the same as outside

II

BOOKS

As I am engaged in spinning, the thought strikes me that perhaps many friends if they saw me would wonder how I could thus waste my time over work which girls and illiterate persons may well do, but which surely is not meant for men with brains and a high degree of education. There are so many books I have not read. If I kept reading them no one would accuse me of misspending my time. However, when one seriously considers the matter one must come to this conclusion: that at a time of life, when you know for certain that additional learning will only make you die more learned and not serve to enable you further to do anything useful to mankind or to correct yourself in character in any new manner not hitherto vouchsafed to you, it is a mere self-indulgence and folly to be reading books. Under the circumstances, helping to produce a yard of cloth or a handful of food is a much more meritorious and proper act than merely to acquire knowledge, which you know will be sterile and pass away with you. Those who read or converse or think in order to *produce* something new and leave it to mankind for what it is worth have good reason so to spend their time. But why should I who cannot compose any song, poem or book, keep reading and reading for ever simply because it is the habit of the educated classes, when I can spin and add to the cloth produced in our country?

The music and clang of the wedding in the Jailor's house is sweetening the air as I sit on my bed praying in my cell after lock-up. I fancy I see the busy crowd of men, women and children hurrying up and down and helping to make the noise and happiness of the wedding. What a sweet world full

of love and happiness. If we but took care to live in God's way, how happy we could all be. Can't we teach every man and woman and child to pray for more love and yet more love being sent down to sweeten life in this world for all?

III

ANTS AND FLIES

I cannot get the flies out of the neighbourhood of my person or my mind. Flies and ants are two friends dating back to the memory of earliest childhood. Indeed, I can't see one of these poor little things without thinking of my mother as she was when I was a child. I remember the pleased wonderment with which I observed the ways and manners of these little friends of my childhood, at a period after which my memory is blank for many a year. The ants became the subject of slight hatred and anger when they began to bite sometimes, and sometimes stole my sweets. Not so the fly. It was a little friend which claimed my childhood's unalloyed affection till much later the scientists came and prejudiced our mind so dreadfully against the fly. What a beautiful doctrine calculated to bring about universal charity is the theory of transmigration. My mother taught it to me as absolute truth. When my mother died, with her the truth that she gave me also died; and doubt and atheism and anarchy took its place. If young men could be made to believe in this doctrine, making of it a live truth, not a theory for mere disputation, how much less hatred and cruelty there would be than there is now.

Somehow my mother floats over my mind and sweetens my thoughts to-day. She could not imagine that her child, her pride and hope, would be in a common jail, imprisoned and locked up under a nine-foot arch. I can fancy to myself all the pleasure of explaining to her the necessity and beauty of this reclusion and this struggle.

S. RADHAKRISHNAN

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(1888-)

"The practical bearing of philosophy on life," declares Professor Radhakrishnan, "became my central interest from the time I took up the study of the subject." The remark illustrates admirably the nature of his interest and work: philosophy, in the broadest sense, has been his particular element. Professor Radhakrishnan, who occupies the Chair of Comparative Religion and Ethics at Oxford and represents India on the International Committee for Intellectual Co-operation, has devoted himself for more than twenty years to the task of interpreting the Hindu view of life to the West and making Indian philosophy known beyond the borders of India. To this task he brings a keen intellect, a remarkably supple mind which is at home equally in the Eastern and Western systems of metaphysics and religion, and an overwhelming erudition. His own position may best be defined as modernized Vedantic Idealism, and he has expounded this philosophy with considerable force in his *An Idealist View of Life*, the concluding section of which is given here. Professor Radhakrishnan's major works are:

Indian Philosophy. (2 vols., G. Allen & Unwin.)
The Reign of Religion in Contemporary Philosophy.
The Hindu View of Life. (G. Allen & Unwin.)
East and West in Religion. (G. Allen & Unwin.)
Kalki, or the Future of Civilization.
The Religion We Need.

GOD

The historical world of becoming is incapable of explanation from within itself. It is this fact that is brought out by the famous "proofs" for the existence of God. They may not be able to offer a logical demonstration of the existence of God, but when the conviction arises otherwise they will help us to understand its rationality. The function of reasoning is not so much proof as the determination of an indeterminate object. The reality of God experienced by the mystics is found to be quite compatible with scientific facts and logical reasoning based on them.

The inadequacy of naturalism shows that the world process with its order and creativity requires for its explanation a creative power. For however far we may travel backwards in space or time, we cannot jump out of space or time, and we cannot account for space-time structure. The rationality of the universe suggests that the creative power is mind or spirit. There is no reason why we should identify it with vital force or life, as Bergson suggests, and not with spirit, for spirit is the highest we know. Descartes' argument is well known. Since we do not owe our own existence either originally or from moment to moment to ourselves or other beings like ourselves, there must be a primary and fundamental cause, God. God is not the cause in the ordinary sense, for that would be to make him an event within the series of events. The cause of the world creation lies in a sense outside itself, God is prior to the world, but not in any temporal sense. He is the logical *prius* of the world.

The ultimate creative energy of the universe is one and not many, for nature is too closely knit to be viewed as a scene of conflict between two or more powers. The first

principle of the universe possesses unity, consciousness and priority of existence.

The teleological argument suggests that it is creative will and purpose. The endless variety of the world lends itself to the service of spirit. The argument against purpose in evolution is that the purpose or mind does not appear to learn from its mistakes. But if the end of the cosmic process is the perfecting of human personalities endowed with freedom through the process of trial and error, this element of uncertainty and adventurousness is bound to be present in the universe. The purpose is working within the frame of events. In spite of signs of lack of design, there is a general trend in evolution towards specific forms not yet realized. The immanent purposiveness of the world is not inconsistent with the presence of evil, ugliness and error. They are not, as McTaggart says, "too bad to be true" or actual. Possibly they are necessary for the greater good of the reign of law in the universe. The overwhelming goodness of the universe requires its orderedness, and that may mean acute suffering and such other facts of experience which are seemingly irreconcilable with the purposiveness of the universe. If what we see of man's life is all there is to see, if there is no life before the cradle or beyond the grave, possibly we may not be able to establish the preponderant goodness of the world achieved at the cost of intense suffering and intolerable evil. The principles of Karma and rebirth suggest to us that the value of the world is not in any way affected by the actuality of evil, error and ugliness. The universe is one where these elements are transmuted into their opposites through a gradual process.

From the reality of spiritual experience and of the function of religion we can legitimately infer the reality of the environment where the function finds its use. We have seen that the object and the environment go together, and the two may be

regarded as expressions of a larger whole, which includes them both. The religious activities of man cannot be confined to the temporal environment. They require a non-temporal good which is not an object of the temporal world. The interaction of self and the universe has given rise to these aspirations, which are their joint products. The competitive world of claims and counterclaims cannot satisfy the moral sense. The temporal world is not the only or the ultimate world. The rational purposive character of the universe gives us enough justification for presuming the reality of a spiritual environment.

God as the universal mind working with a conscious design, who is at once the beginning of the world, the author of its order, the principle of its progress and the goal of its evolution, is not the God of religion unless we take into account the facts of religious consciousness. Our moral life tells us that God is not only the goal but the spring and sustainer of moral effort. Our spiritual experience reveals to us the fact of the supreme all-comprehensive one. There is an affinity between the structure of the world and the mind of man. Our sense perceptions, our logical concepts, our intuitive apprehensions are not forms superinduced on reality, but are determinate forms of reality itself. From the beginning we are in the presence of givenness, something experienced. Because the objects are perceived only when our minds are trained, it does not follow that the objects are subjective. To see a rose we must turn our eyes in that direction. To realize the supreme spirit, a certain purifying of the mind is necessary. The reality of spirit is not invalidated simply because it is seen only by those who are pure in heart.

Spirit is the reality of the cosmic process. Nothing of what comes in our personal experience can be predicted with complete truth of the ultimate reality, though no element in this experience is without meaning or value. No element of

our experience is illusory, though every element of it has a degree of reality according to the extent to which it succeeds in expressing the nature of the real.

The conception of God as wisdom, love and goodness is not a mere abstract demand of thought but is the concrete reality which satisfies the religious demand. If we combine the ideas we are led to posit from the different directions of metaphysics, morals and religion, we obtain the character of God as the primordial mind, the loving redeemer, and the holy judge of the universe. The Hindu conception of God as Brahmā, Viṣṇu and Śiva illustrates the triple character. Brahmā is the primordial nature of God. He is the "home" of the conditions of the possibility of the world, or of the "eternal objects" in Whitehead's phrase. If the rational order of the universe reflects the mind of God, that mind is prior to the world. But the thoughts of Brahmā,[1] or the primordial mind, should become the things of the world. This process of transformation of ideas into the plane of space-time is a gradual one which God assists by his power of productive and self-communicative life. In the world process all things yearn towards their ideal forms. They struggle to throw off their imperfections and reflect the patterns in the divine mind. As immanent in the process, God becomes the guide and the ground of the progress. He is not a mere spectator, but a sharer in the travail of the world. God as Viṣṇu is sacrifice. He is continuously engaged in opposing every tendency in the universe which makes for error, ugliness and evil, which are not mere abstract possibilities, but concrete forces giving reality to the cosmic strife. God pours forth the whole wealth of his love to actualize his intentions for us. He takes up the burden of helping us to resist the forces of evil, error and ugliness, and transmute them into truth, beauty and goodness.

[1] Brahmā, the Creator-God, is distinct from Brahman, the Absolute spirit.

The *Ṛg Veda* says: "All that is bare he covers; all that is sick he cures; By his grace the blind man sees and the lame walks."[1] "God is the refuge and friend of all."[2] The *ṚgVeda* says, "Thou art ours and we are thine."[3] God does not leave us in the wilderness to find our way back. Hindu mythology looks upon God as an eternal beggar waiting for the opening of the door that he may enter into the darkness and illumine the whole horizon of our being as with a lightning flash. It is not so much man seeking God as God seeking man. He goes out into the dangers of the wilderness to lead us out of it. God so loves the world that he gives himself to it. In communicating his nature to us, he makes us sharers in his creative power. He expects us to recognize and respond to his call and co-operate with him. He wants us to look upon him as our friend, lover and comrade. Our sin consists in distrusting God, in refusing to recognize his purpose and respond to his demand. Our virtue consists in assimilating the divine content and participating in his purpose. His love is his essential nature, and not a transitory quality. He is for ever saving the world.

While there is no risk that the world will tumble off into ruin so long as God's love is operative, yet the realization of the end of the world depends on our co-operation. As we are free beings, our co-operation is a free gift which we may withhold. This possibility introduced an element of contingency to the universe. The creative process, though orderly and progressive, is unpredictable. There is real indetermination, and God himself is in the make. If we say that God has a fixed plan which is being copied into matter, we are bound to cosmological determinism. Human co-operation is an essential condition of the progress of the world, and

[1] viii. 79, 2; viii. 4. 7.

[2] Sarvasya śaraṇam suhrit (*Śvetāśvatara Upaniṣad*, iii. 17; see also *Bhagavadgītā*, ix, 18).

[3] Tvam asmākam tava smāsi (viii, 92, 32).

the freedom of man introduces an element of uncertainty. The struggle is not a parade, nor is history a mere pageant. Though God is ever ready to help us, our stupidity and selfishness erect barriers against the persistent operation of his love.

The view that God as love will see to it that the plan succeeds is not to be confused with the doctrine of absolute predestination, which may be interpreted as overthrowing human freedom and paralysing moral effort. After all, it is the fight that gives life its value and not the ultimate result, and even the consummation of the result is contingent on the passion with which human individuals work for the cause. The hope is there, that even the most wilful will respond to the long-suffering love of God. Though he is ever working in the hearts of men and drawing them towards himself, there are occasions when we withhold the response and make the situation serious. When the hold of God on the world becomes precarious, his love, which is constant, manifests itself in a striking way. According to the Christian religion, when the situations became desperate it is said that God once sent a deluge which very nearly destroyed all mankind and on another occasion sent his only-begotten Son. It does not mean that the love of God is an accidental quality brought into manifestation by the "fall" of man. We need not think that God comes to our rescue simply because creation has gone off the rails. Love belongs to the very core of God's being. Utter and complete self-giving is the nature of divine activity, though the power to benefit by it depends on the capacity of the recipients.

The redemptive function of God is an incessant activity, though it becomes emphasized when the moral order is sharply disturbed. God manifests Himself in striking forms whenever new adjustments have to be brought about. These special revelations are called in Hindu mythology *avatārs*,

or descents of God. The popular view holds that, when darkness gathers, the waters deepen and things threaten to collapse into chaos, God Himself becomes personally incarnate in a unique way. But the continuous urge of spiritual life, the growing revelation of ends in which the divine life comes to its own, the immanent law which constitutes the unity of the world and conditions the interaction of its several elements, are not consistent with the conception of unique revelations of complete Godhead on earth. The whole movement directed towards the realization of potentialities is a continuous incarnation of God. It is, however, true that the manifestation of spiritual values may be viewed either as the revelation of God, or the realization of the capacities of man. The two, God's revelation and man's realization, though distinguishable, are inseparable from one another. They are two aspects of one process. Lives like those of Buddha and Jesus by revealing to us the great fact of God and the nature of the world as a temple of God point out how we can overcome sin and selfishness. They achieve for human life what human life has done for nature below. The great story of life on earth is in a sense the "martyrdom of God."

Simply because there is the security that God's love will succeed, the struggle does not become unreal. God is not simply truth and love, but also justice. He is the perfection which rejects all evil. The sovereignty of God is indicated in the character of Śiva. God acts according to fixed laws. He does not break or suspend his own laws. The liberty to change one's mind is not true liberty. God cannot forgive the criminal, even when he repents, for the moral order which is conceived in love, and not in hatred requires that wrongdoing should have its natural consequences. Plato, in words that seem to be an echo of Hindu texts, tells us that "you shall assuredly never be passed over by God's judgment, not though you make yourself never so small and hide in

the bowels of the earth, or exalt yourself to heaven. You must pay the penalty due, either while you are still with us, or after your departure hence, in the house of Hades, or it may be by removal to some still more desolate region."[1] The one God creates as Brahmā, redeems as Viṣṇu, and judges as Śiva. These represent the three stages of the plan, the process, and the perfection. The source from which all things come, the spring by which they are sustained, and the good into which they enter are one.[2] God loves us, creates us,[3] and rules us. Creation, redemption and judgment are different names for the fact of God.

So far as the world is concerned, God is organic with it. It is impossible to detach God from the world. The Hindu theologian Rāmanuja regards the relation of God to the world as one of soul to body. He brings out the organic and complete dependence of the world on God. God is the sustainer of the body as well as its inner guide. Struggle and growth are real in the life of God. Time is the essential form of the cosmic process, including the moral life, and it has a meaning to God also. Life eternal, which carries us beyond the limits of temporal growth, may take us to the Absolute, but God is essentially bound up with the life in time. Progress may be derogatory to the Absolute, but not to God, who is intensely interested in it. The process of the world is an emergence, but not of the type suggested by Alexander. It is an emergence under the guidance of God, who is immanent in the process, though the goal is transcendent to it. The process of the world is not a mere unfolding of what is contained in the beginning. It is not a question of mere preformation. The end of the world is not contained in the beginning, such that God might retire from the process

[1] *Laws*, 905A. Taylor: *The Faith of a Moralist* (1931), i, pp. 325–326.

[2] *Tait. Up.* iii; *Bhagavadgītā*, vii, 54.

[3] Sa no bandhur janitā sa vidhātā.

altogether. Those who have any appreciation of this fact of evolution cannot adopt the view of preformation, though even a writer like Bergson, who emphasizes the creativity of evolution, seems to think that the whole evolution of life with its progressive manifestation of structure is latent in life. He says: "Life does not proceed by the assimilation and addition of elements, but by dissociation and division."[1] Such a view is inconsistent with the main intention of Bergson's teaching.[2] The world is in the making, and is being created constantly, and the reality of change means a plastic world and not a block universe. The creative impulse is present from the beginning, but the forms created are due to the cosmic stress. That alone can account for the ordered character of the world of varied tendencies. If matter, life, consciousness and value had each its own independent evolution, the fact of their unity calls for an explanation, and we may be obliged to use a principle somewhat like Leibniz's pre-established harmony. Reality is a whole and acts and advances as a whole. The control of the whole is present in the growth of the parts, whether they are chemical compounds or cultural movements. The process of the world is creative synthesis, where the formative energy, local situation and cosmic control are all efficient factors. The final end is not contained in the beginning. The interest and attractiveness of the end cannot be divorced from the process which leads up to it. A God who has arranged everything at the beginning of the world and can change nothing, create nothing new is not a God at all. If the universe is truly creative, God works as a creative genius does. The end grows with the process and assumes a definite shape through the characteristics of the parts of the process. There is thus an element of indetermina-

[1] *Creative Evolution* (E. T. 1911), p. 89.

[2] For a criticism of Bergson's views, see the writer's book on *The Reign of Religion in Contemporary Philosophy* (1920).

tion throughout the process, though it diminishes in degree as the amount of actuality increases. God the planner acts with real genius when confronted by actual situations.

God, though immanent, is not identical with the world until the very end. Throughout the process there is an unrealized residuum in God, but it vanishes when we reach the end; when the reign is absolute the kingdom comes. God who is organic with it recedes into the background of the Absolute. The beginning and the end are limiting conceptions, and the great interest of the world centres in the intermediate process from the beginning to the end. God is more the saviour and redeemer than creator and judge. As an essentially human phenomenon, religion insists on the "otherness" of God. Without it, worship, love and repentance have no meaning. We seek union with God, a union of will and fellowship. God is a real living one who inspires trust and love, reverence and self-surrender. Salvation comes from the grace of God through *bhakti*, or trust in God, and surrender to him. In all true religion we have faith in and experience of a living God who saves and redeems us from our sins. The love of God is more central than either his wisdom or his sovereignty. These latter may lead to predestination theories which reduce the world process to a sham, where the freedom of man and the love of God are both illusory. If predestination is true, then the creation of novelties, the loving trust and surrender of man to God and the grace of God are illusions. In the ancient Epic of Mahābhārata, Draupadi, the wife of Yudhiṣṭhira, declares bitterly against her fate, and suggests the probability of the predestination theory. The moral government of the world seems to her a mere fiction.[1] She cites the authority of an ancient saga in support of her doubts.[2] Looking

[1] Rājānam dharmagoptāram dharmo rakṣati rakṣitah / iti me śrutam āryānām tvāntu manye na rakṣati // (*Vanaparva*, 30. 8).

[2] itihāsam purātanam.

at her husband deprived of his rightful throne and wandering in the wilderness pursued by want and adversity, she declares that the world is in the hands of purposeless omnipotence who bestows on his creatures according to his sweet pleasure happiness or misery, weal or woe.[1] He plays with us as children with their toys, and we are deceived if we imagine that we have any choice in the matter. We play to the tunes set to us. Blind and powerless with regard to his weal or woe, man goes to heaven or hell as the Lord impels him.[2] How can I believe that God acts according to law and not unjustly when noble men of integrity are disgraced and the wicked are flourishing? "I see you in distress and Duryodhana in prosperity. I laugh at the God who acts so arbitrarily."[3] "The Lord does not seem to act like father or mother to us, but acts as if impelled by wrath, and other people follow his example."[4] When Yudhisthira hears her lamentations and cries of despair, which remind us of the book of Job, her suggestion of a theory of predestination and dire omnipotence which is opposed to faith in a loving and just God, he rebukes her, saying that she is guilty of blasphemy. He criticizes her view, however ancient it may be, as atheistic (nāstika),[5] and calls upon her to revile no more the supreme God, through whose grace the devotees of the world gain immortality.[6] God wills the right and expects us to work with him and for him, and he is of inexhaustible grace. Love

[1] Īśvarasya vaśe lokās tiṣṭhante nātmano yathā / dhātaiva khalu bhūtānām sukhaduhkhe priyāpriye / / (*Ibid.*, 30. 32).

[2] Ajno jantur anīśoyam ātmanah sukhaduhkhayoḥ / īsvaraprerito gacchet svargam narakam eva ca / /.

[3] Tavemām āpadaṁ dṛṣṭvā samruddhimca suyodhane / dhātāram garhaye pārtha viṣamam yo'nupaśyati (*Ibid.*, 30. 40).

[4] Na mātrupitruvad rājan dhātā bhūteṣu vartate / roṣādiva pravṛttoyam yathāyam itaro janāḥ (*Ibid.*, 30. 38).

[5] *Vanaparva* 31. 1.

[6] Yasya prasādāt bhakto martyo gacchad amartyatām (*Ibid.*, 31. 42).

reveals the nature of God more than infinitude and sovereignty. The theory of predestination is repudiated in favour of the love of God and the freedom of man.

There are certain vital values of religion which are met by the character of God as wisdom, love and goodness. Values acquire a cosmic importance and ethical life becomes meaningful. Till the completion of the cosmic process, the individual retains his centre as an individual, and the completion is always transcendent to him, and so God is an "other" over against him, evoking in him the sense of need. God is conceived as a personal being, towards whom the individual stands in a relation of co-operation and dependence. God is the final satisfaction, and in him man finds self-completion. He wants to grow into the image of God, perfect in power and wisdom.

While the character of God as personal love meets certain religious needs, there are others which are not fulfilled by it. In the highest spiritual experience we have the sense of rest and fulfilment, of eternity and completeness. These needs provoked from the beginning of human reflection conceptions of the Absolute as pure and passionless being which transcends the restless turmoil of the cosmic life. If God is bound up with the world, subject to the category of time, if his work is limited by the freedom of man and the conditions of existence, however infinite he may be in the quality of his life, in power, knowledge and righteousness, he is but an expression of the Absolute. But man wants to know the truth of things in itself, in the beginning—nay, before time and before plurality, the one "breathing breathless," as the *Ṛg Veda* has it, the pure, alone and unmanifest, nothing and all things, that which transcends any definite form of expression, and yet is the basis of all expression, the one in whom all is found and yet all is lost. The great problem of the philosophy of religion has been the reconciliation of the character of the Absolute as in a sense eternally complete with the character of God as a self-

determining principle manifested in a temporal development which includes nature and man. The identification of the absolute life with the course of human history suggested by the Italian idealists may be true of the supreme as God of the world, but not of the Absolute, the lord of all worlds. Creation neither adds to nor takes away from the reality of the Absolute. Evolution may be a part of our cosmic process, but the Absolute is not subject to it. The absolute is incapable of increase.

While the Absolute is pure consciousness and pure freedom and infinite possibility, it appears to be God from the point of view of the one specific possibility which has become actualized. While God is organically bound up with the universe, the Absolute is not. The world of pure being is not exhausted by the cosmic process which is only one of the ways in which the Absolute reality which transcends the series reveals itself. The Absolute is the foundation and *prius* of all actuality and possibility. This universe is for the Absolute only one possibility. Its existence is an act of free creation. Out of the infinite possibilities open to it, this one is chosen. When we analyse our sense of freedom we find that it consists in accepting or rejecting any one of a number of possibilities presented to us. The Absolute has an infinite number of possibilities to choose from, which are all determined by its nature. It has the power of saying yes or no to any of them. While the possible is determined by the nature of the Absolute, the actual is selected from out of the total amount of the possible, by the free activity of the Absolute without any determination whatsoever. It could have created a world different in every detail from that which is actual. If one drama is enacted and other possible ones postponed, it is due to the freedom of the Absolute.

It is not necessary for this universe to be an infinite and endless process. The character of a finite universe is not

incompatible with an infinite Absolute. We can have an infinite series of terms which are finite. The Absolute has so much more in it than is brought out by this world.

As to why there is realization of this possibility, we can only say that it is much too difficult for us in the pit to know what is happening behind the screens. It is māya, or a mystery which we have to accept reverently.

Sometimes it is argued that it is of the very nature of the Absolute to overflow and realize possibilities. The great symbol of the sun which is used in Hindu thought, Plato's system and Persian mythology signifies the generous self-giving and ecstasy of the Absolute, which overflows, and gives itself freely and generously to all. Timæus says in Plato that the created world is there because the All-good wants his goodness to flow out upon it.[1] The Indian figure of līlā makes the creation of the universe an act of playfulness. Play is generally the expression of ideal possibilities. It is its own end and its own continuous reward. The Absolute mind has a perfect realm of ideal being, and is free creativity as well. Though the creation of the world is an incident in the never-ending activity of the Absolute, it satisfies a deep want in God. The world is as indispensable to God as God is to the world.

God, who is the creator, sustainer and judge of this world, is not totally unrelated to the Absolute. God is the Absolute from the human end. When we limit down the Absolute to its relation with the actual possibility, the Absolute appears as supreme wisdom, love and goodness. The eternal becomes the first and the last. The abiding "I am," the changeless centre and the cause of all change is envisaged as the first term and the last in the sequence of nature. He is the creative mind of the world, with a consciousness of the general plan and direction of the cosmos, even before it is

[1] 29. E.1.

actualized in space and time. He holds the successive details in proper perspective and draws all things together in bonds of love and harmony. He is the loving saviour of the world. As creator and saviour, God is transcendent to the true process, even as realization is transcendent to progress. This internal transcendence of God to the true process gives meaning to the distinctions of value, and makes struggle and effort real. We call the supreme the Absolute, when we view it apart from the cosmos, God in relation to the cosmos. The Absolute is the pre-cosmic nature of God, and God is the Absolute from the cosmic point of view.

J. KRISHNAMURTI

Q

J. KRISHNAMURTI

(1897–)

Born at Madnapalle in South India, Krishnamurti's international reputation dates from 1909 when he was adopted by Mrs. Annie Besant and proclaimed the spiritual head of the Order of the Star in the East. His intellectual development seems to fall into two distinct periods. The first period—between 1918–1927 is one of comparative immaturity, and although even in the writings belonging to this period, we occasionally hear a strangely individual and sincere voice, they are for the most part conventional, derivative, and conceived strictly within the framework of theosophical cosmology. Between 1927 and 1929 Krishnamurti seems to have gone through a profound crisis at the end of which he dissolved the world-wide organization which had for twenty years been making messianic claims on his behalf. His subsequent work strikes a new note of personal integrity and is permeated by a thought at once direct and simple, and yet mature and penetrating in its analysis. Krishnamurti does not set out to formulate a system of metaphysics; he merely indicates a certain approach to the problems of human experience. The extracts that follow are taken from *Experience and Conduct* and *Talks in Latin America*. Among other works of Krishnamurti, the following are the more important:—

Life in Freedom.
The Path.
The Kingdom of Happiness. (G. Allen & Unwin.)
The Search. (G. Allen & Unwin.)

I

THE PRESENT AND THE PROBLEM OF SUFFERING

Most people throughout the world, it does not matter where they are, are discontented, distressed by the existing conditions, and they are trying to find a lasting way out of this misery and chaos. Each expert offers his own particular form of solution, and, as it generally happens, he contradicts the other experts. So each specialist forms a group round his theory, and soon the purpose of helping humanity is forgotten, while discussions and wrangles take place between various parties and experts.

Not being an expert, I am not putting forward a new system or a new theory for the solution of many problems; but what I should like to do is to awaken individual intelligence, so that each one, instead of becoming a slave to a system or to an expert, begins to act intelligently, for out of that alone can come co-operative and constructive action. If each one of us is able under all circumstances to discern for himself what is true action, then there will be no exploitation, then each one will fulfil truly and live an harmonious and complete life.

Naturally, what I say will apply to those people who are discontented, who are in revolt, who are trying to find an intelligent way of action. This applies to those who are in sorrow and desire to free themselves from all exploitation.

Everyone is concerned with that awakening, through conflict and struggle between himself and the group, between himself and another individual. There is established authority, whether ancient or modern, which is continually urging and twisting the individual to function in one particular way. We have a whole system of thought, cultivated through the

ages, to which each one of us has contributed, in whose ruthless movement each one, consciously or unconsciously, is caught up. So there is a collective and an individual consciousness, sometimes running parallel, often diametrically opposed. This opposition is the awakening of sorrow.

Our conflict, dissatisfaction and struggle is between that which is established authority, and the individual; between that which is centuries old, tradition, and the eager desire on the part of the individual not to be suffocated by tradition, by authority, but to fulfil; for fulfilment alone is creative happiness.

In the world of action, which we call the material world, the economic world, the world of sociology, there is a system which prevents the true fulfilment of the individual. Even though each one thinks that he is acting individually in the present system, if you really examine it, you will see that he is but acting as a slave, an automaton of the established order. That system has within it class distinction, based on acquisitive exploitation, leading to nationalism and wars; it has placed the means of accumulating wealth in the hands of the few. If the individual is at all able to express, to fulfil, he will be in constant revolt against this system; because if you examine it, you will see that it is fundamentally unintelligent, cruel.

If the individual wants to understand this external system, he must first become aware of the prison in which he is held, the prison which he has created through his own aggressive-acquisitiveness, and begin to break it down through his own individual suffering and intelligence.

Then there is an inner system, equally cruel and exploiting, which we call religion. I mean by religion the organized system of thought which holds the individual in the groove of a particular pattern. After all, Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism, are so many sets of beliefs, ideas, precepts, which have become seasoned in fear and tradition, which force the

individual through faith and illusory hope to think and to act along one particular line, blindly and unintelligently, with the help of exploiting priests. Each religion throughout the world, with its vested interests, with its beliefs, dogmas and traditions, is separating man from man, as nationalism and classes are doing. It is utterly futile to hope that there will be one religion throughout the world, either Hinduism, or Buddhism, or Christianity, although it is the dream of missionaries. But we can approach the whole idea of religion from a different point of view.

If we can understand life and live here in the world with love, supremely and intelligently in the present, then religion becomes vain and useless. Because we have been constantly told by exploiters that we cannot do this ourselves, we have come to believe that we must have a system to follow. So without being helped to free himself, man is encouraged to follow a system and is held, through fear, a prisoner to authority which he hopes will guide him through the various conflicts and misfortunes of life.

Merely to get rid of the idea of religion, without deep understanding, will naturally lead to superficial activities, reaction and thought. If we are really able to live with profound intelligence, then we shall not create an escape from our miseries and struggles, which is what religion has become. It is because we find life so difficult, with so many problems and apparently unending miseries, that we want an escape; and religions offer a very convenient way of escape. Every Sunday people go to Church to pray and practise brotherly love, but the rest of the week they are engaged in ruthless exploitation and cruelty, each one seeking his own security. So people are living a hypocritical life: Sunday for God and the rest of the week for self-security. Thus we use religion as a convenient escape to which we resort in moments of difficulty and misery.

So, through the system which is called religion, with its beliefs and ideals, you have found an authorized escape from the incessant battle of the present. After all, ideals, which religions and religious bodies offer, are nothing but escapes from the present.

Now why do we want ideals? It is because, as we cannot understand the present, the everyday existence, with its cruelties, sorrows and ugliness, we want to steer ourselves across this life by some ideal. Hence ideals themselves become, fundamentally, an escape from the present. Our mind is caught up in creating many escapes from the present which alone is eternal. Being imprisoned in those, mind must naturally be in constant battle with the present. So, instead of seeking new methods, new prisons, we ought to understand for ourselves how the mind is creating for itself the avenues of escape. Hence the question: Are you satisfied to remain in the prison of illusions, in this prison of make-believe with its stupidities and suffering? Or are you as individuals dissatisfied, in revolt? Are you willing to disentangle yourselves from this system, thus discovering for yourselves what is true? If you are merely satisfied to remain in the prison, then the only thing that will awaken you is sorrow; but when the sorrow comes, you seek an escape from it, and so you create yet another prison. So you go on from one suffering to another, only to enter into greater bondage. But if you realize the utter futility of escape of any kind, either of ideals or beliefs, then you will, with intense awareness, perceive the true significance of beliefs, traditions and ideals. In understanding their deep significance, the mind, free from all illusion, is able to discern the truth, the everlasting.

So instead of merely seeking new systems, new methods to replace the present mode of thought, of exploitation, of subtle escapes, take the actuality as it is, with all its exploitation, cruelties, bestialities, and understand the whole signifi-

cance of the system; and this can be done only when there is great suffering. Out of this intense questioning and inquiry you will realize for yourselves that consummation of all human existence which is intelligence. Without that realization life becomes shallow, empty, and suffering merely a constant recurrence without an end.

So, if those who are suffering try to understand the full depth of the present, without fear or any desire for escape, then without the need of priests and saviours, there is realization of that which is the lasting, of that which cannot be measured by words.

II

EXPERIENCE AND THE INDIVIDUAL

Every one, through tradition, through habit of thought, through custom, has established for himself a background, and from that background he tries to assimilate and judge new experiences. If you examine yourselves, you will find that you approach life from the point of view of a particular nationality, belief or class. You are all the time translating experiences in terms of the background which you have established. Now the purpose of experience is to discover the true value of all things. But if you are translating experience into terms of yesterday's experience, instead of helping you to grow, so that you become more and more inclusive, it is making you a slave. So do not seek to understand what I am going to say, from the point of view of your various backgrounds. Nor limit experience by terms of temperament. Temperaments are the result of separate individual existences. But that which knows no separation cannot be translated into terms of temperament; you cannot approach it through a particular temperament. If you look at it from the point of view of the part, then you do not see the whole, and naturally the whole appears in terms of the part, and you translate that part as temperament. Through a temperament you cannot perceive that which is beyond all temperaments, as from a background you cannot perceive that which is greater than all backgrounds.

Do not, however, confuse individual temperament with individual uniqueness; temperaments depend on birth, involving difference in environment, race consciousness, heredity, and so on. Individual uniqueness is continuous through birth and death, is the sole guide through your whole

existence as a separate individual, until you reach the goal. In order to understand the meaning of individuality you must understand the purpose of individual existence. Life is creation, including the creator and the created, and nature conceals life—that is, everything in manifestation conceals life in itself. When that life in nature develops and becomes focussed in the individual, then nature has fulfilled itself. The whole destiny and function of nature is to create the individual who is self-conscious, who knows the pairs of opposites, who knows that he is an entity in himself, conscious and separate. So, life in nature, through its development, becomes self-conscious in the awakened, concentrated individual. Nature's goal is man's individuality. The individual is a separate being who is self-conscious, who knows that he is different from another, in whom there is the separation of "you" and "I." But individuality is imperfection, it is not an end in itself.

Evolution—in the sense of the extension of one's individuality through time—is a delusion. That which is imperfect, which is individuality, even though it is multiplied and increased, will always remain imperfect. Individuality is intensified through the conflict of ignorance, and the limitation of thought and emotion. In that there is self-conscious separateness. Now, it is vain to increase self-consciousness, which is separateness, to the *n*th degree; it will remain separate because it has its roots in separation. Therefore, the magnifying of that "I am," which is separateness, cannot be inclusive. The evolution of "I am" is but an expansion of that separateness in space and time. The individual held in the bondage of limitation, knowing the separation of "you" and "I," has to liberate himself and has to fulfil himself in that liberation. Liberation is freedom of consciousness, which is not the multiplication of "I am," but results from the wearing down of the sense of separateness. The ultimate purpose of individual existence is to realize pure being in

which there is no separation, which is the realization of the whole. The fulfilment of man's destiny is to *be* the totality. It is not a question of losing yourself in the Absolute, but that you, by growth, by continual conflict, by adjustment, shall become the whole. Individuality is merely a segment of the totality, and it is because it feels itself to be only a part that it is all the time seeking to fulfil itself, to realize itself in the totality. Therefore self-consciousness involves effort. If you do not make an effort against limitation, there is no longer self-consciousness and individuality. When individuality has fulfilled itself through ceaseless effort, destroying, tearing down the wall of separateness, when it has achieved a sense of effortless being, then individual existence has fulfilled itself.

First, you must know towards what this individual life—this existence in which is the beginning and the end—is making its way. You must realize the purpose of existence; otherwise experience has no meaning, creation has no meaning, uniqueness has no meaning. If the individual, in whom there is the consciousness of separation, of subject and object, does not understand the purpose of existence, he merely becomes a slave to experience, to the creation of forms. But if you understand the purpose of existence, then you will utilize every experience, every emotion, every thought, to strengthen you to wear down this wall of separation.

To the self-conscious individual there is subject and object, and he objectifies a far-off entity to whom he looks for aid, to whom he gives out his adoration, his love, his whole being. But the end of existence, the fulfilment of the individual, is to realize in himself the totality—without object or subject—which is pure life. So it is in the subjectivity of the individual that the object really exists. In the individual is the beginning and the end. In him is the totality of all experience, all thought, all emotion. In him is all potentiality, and his task is to realize that objectivity in the subjective.

Now, if what I mean by individuality is not properly understood, people are apt to make the mistake of assuming it to be selfish, ruthless anarchism, and that is why I am careful to explain that in man lies the entirety of progress. In himself lies the beginning and the end, the source and the goal. In creating a bridge from that source to the end is the fulfilment of man. The individual is the focus of the universe. So long as you do not understand yourself, so long as you do not fathom the fulness of yourself, you can be dominated, controlled, caught up in the wheel of continual strife. So you must concern yourself with the individual, that is, with yourself in whom all others exist. That is why I am only concerned with the individual. In the present civilization, however, collectivity is striving to dominate the individual, irrespective of his growth, but it is the individual that matters, because if the individual is clear in his purpose, is assured, certain, then his struggle with society will cease. Then the individual will not be dominated by the morality, the narrowness, the conventions and experiments of societies and groups. The individual is the whole universe, the individual is the whole world, not a separate part of the world. The individual is the all-inclusive, not the all-exclusive. He is constantly making efforts, experimenting in different directions; but the self in you and in me and in all is the same, though the expressions may vary and should vary. When you comprehend that fact, and are fully cognizant of it, you do not look outside for salvation. You need no outside agent, and hence the fundamental cause of fear is abolished. To be rid of fear is to realize that in you is the focal centre of life's expression. When you have such a view, you are the creator of opportunities; you no longer avoid temptations, you transcend them; you no longer wish to imitate and become a machine or a type, which is but the desire to conform to a background. You use tradition to weigh, and thereby transcend, all tradition.

Life is not working to produce a type; life is not creating graven images. Life makes you entirely different one from the other, and in diversity must your fulfilment be, not in the production of a type. Look what is happening at present. You worship the many in the one, you worship the whole of life personified in one being. This is to worship a type, a waxen image, and thereby you mould yourself into this type, into this image; and in such imitation is the bondage of sorrow. But if you worship the one in the many, you will not make yourself into a type. Man, because he is afraid to be kindly, affectionate to the many, gives all his respect, his worship, his prayers to the one—that is, he creates an image. But life does not make types, it has nothing to do with images. To worship the one in the many needs constant recollectedness of thought, constant awareness of the impersonal, constant adjustment of the point of view of the individual to the many, to life itself. If you create a type and merely adjust the balance between yourself and that type, it is not an adjustment to life, it is purely a personal whim. But if you establish harmony between yourself and the one in the many, then you are not creating an image, nor a type, but rather you are becoming life itself.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

(1889–)

The significance of Nehru is twofold. There is, firstly, the extraordinary charm of his character and personality. He is a man of wide, cosmopolitan culture and keen understanding. He is a gifted writer and has the sensibility of a poet. An intellectual in the best sense of the word, he has had the courage to question some of the most sacrosanct values of the *milieu* in which he grew up. What is more, he has suffered deeply for his convictions and through that suffering realized an integrity which even his bitterest critics find it difficult to deny. In the ultimate analysis, however, the significance of a person to-day can best be assessed only in terms of the nature of his influence on, and relation to, the social reality of his times. And this brings us to the more impersonal aspect of Nehru's leadership. With him it would seem that Indian Nationalism has come of age. Though socialistic tendencies were implicit in the very nature of the objective conditions of the Indian peoples, Nehru's unrelenting emphasis on the basic issues has helped in no small degree to bring these tendencies to the foreground of Indian politics, and thus transform the whole character of Indian nationalism. Under his influence the Indian national struggle is rapidly ceasing to be a movement guided by the interests of the few and supported by the vague idealism and sacrifices of the many; it is becoming an integral part of the wider struggle of people all over the world for a more humane and just social order. Nehru's life has been one of almost uninterrupted political activity, and he has spent the best part of his youth behind the prison bars. 'Yet this preoccupation with politics has in no way blunted, but sharpened his sensitiveness; and his writings reveal an essentially reflective genius, and a mind capable of seeing things comprehensively. Nehru's works include:

Glimpses of World History (2 vols.).
Autobiography.
India and the World. (G. Allen & Unwin.)
Eighteen Months in India.

I

IN A TRAIN[1]

Friends often ask me: "When do you read?" My life seems pretty full of various activities, some useful perhaps, others of a doubtful utility. It is not easy to make friends with books and live in their charmed world when the horrid business of politics consumes our youth and eats up our days and nights which, under a better dispensation, would be given to happier pursuits. Yet even in this dreary round I try to find a little time at night to read some book that is far removed from politics. I do not succeed always. But most of my reading takes place in railway trains as I journey to and fro across this vast land.

A third-class or an intermediate-class compartment is not an ideal place to read in or do any work. But the invariable friendliness of my fellow-travellers and the courtesy of railway officials make a difference and I am afraid I cannot pretend to experiencing all the discomforts of such travelling. Others insist on my having more than my fair share of space and many acts of courtesy give a pleasant human touch to the journey. Not that I love discomfort or seek it. Nor do I indulge in travelling third class because there is any virtue in it or principle involved. The main consideration is one of rupees, annas and pies. The difference in third-class and second-class fares is so great that only dire necessity induces me to indulge in the luxury of second-class travel.

In the old days, a dozen years ago, I used to write a great deal while travelling, chiefly letters dealing with Congress work. Repeated experience of various railway lines made me judge them from the point of view of facility of writing on

[1] Written in a moving train.

them. I think I gave first place to the East Indian Railway; the North Western was fair; but the G.I.P. Railway was definitely bad and shook one thoroughly. Why this was so I do not know, nor do I know why fares should differ so greatly between the different railway companies, all under State control. Here again the G.I.P. Railway stands out as one of the most expensive and it will not even issue ordinary return tickets.

I have given up the habit of writing much in a train. Perhaps my body is less flexible now and cannot adjust itself so well as it used to to the shaking and jolting of a moving train. But I carry a box full of books with me on my journeys, taking always far more than I can possibly read. It is a comforting feeling to have books around one even though one may not read.

This journey was going to be a long one, to far Karachi, almost it seemed to me after my air journeys, half way to Europe. So my box was well filled with a variety of books. I started off, as was my wont, in an intermediate-class compartment. But at Lahore, the next day, fearful and terrifying accounts of the heat and the dust on the way weakened my resolve and I promoted myself to the luxuries of second-class travel. Thus travelling in style and moderate comfort I went across the Sind desert. It was as well that I did so for even in our closely shuttered compartment clouds of fine dust streamed in through all manner of crevices and covered us layer upon layer and made the air heavy to breathe. I thought of the third class and shuddered. I can stand heat and much else, but dust I find much more difficult to tolerate.

Among the books I read on the long journey was one about a remarkable and unusual man, Edward Wilson, lover of birds and animals and comrade unto death of Scott in the Antarctic regions. The book had a double appeal to me for it had come to me from yet another remarkable man. It was a gift from

A. G. Fraser, for long principal of the Achimota College in West Africa, that noble and unique monument of African education which he had built up with labour and sympathy and affection.

The sandy, inhospitable desert of Sind passed by as the train sped along, and I read of the Antarctic regions and of man's gallant fight against the elements, of human courage that conquered mighty nature itself, of endurance almost beyond belief. And of high endeavour and loyalty to comrades and forgetfulness of self and good humour in the face of every conceivable misfortune. And why? Not for any advantage to the persons concerned, not even obviously for the public good or the marked benefit of science. Why then? Simply because of the daring that is in man, the spirit that will not submit but always seeks to mount higher and higher, the call that comes from the stars. Most of us are deaf to that call, but it is well that a few hear it and ennoble our present generation. To them life is a continual challenge, a long adventure, a testing of their worth:

> I count life just a stuff
> To try the soul's strength on . . .

Such a one was Edward Wilson and it is well that after having reached the Southern Pole, he and his companions lay down for their final rest in those vast Antarctic regions where the long day follows the long night and silence reigns. There they lie surrounded by immeasurable expanses of snow and ice, and over them the hand of man has put up a fitting inscription:

> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

The Poles have been conquered, the deserts surveyed, the high mountains have yielded to man, though Everest still remains proud and unvanquished. But man is persistent and

Everest will have to bow to him, for his puny body has a mind that recognizes no bounds and a spirit that knows no defeat. And then, what remains? The earth becomes smaller and smaller and romance and knightly adventure seem to go out of it. We are even told that a flight to the Pole may be a common occurrence before long. And the mountains have funiculars running up their sides and luxury hotels at the top where jazz bands break the stillness of the night and mock the eternal silence of the snows, and dull middle-aged people play bridge and talk scandal, and bored and blasé young people and old seek pleasure feverishly, and seek it in vain.

And yet, adventure is always there for the adventurous, and the wide world still beckons to those who have courage and spirit, and the stars hurl their challenge across the skies. Need one go to the Poles or the deserts or the mountains for adventure when the adventure of life is there for all who care? What a mess we have made of this life of ours and of human society, and with plenty and joy and a free development of the human spirit open to us, we yet starve in misery and have our spirits crushed in a slavery worse than that of old. Let us do our bit to change this, so that human beings may become worthy of their great inheritance and make their lives full of beauty and joy and the things of the spirit. The adventure of life beckons and it is the greatest adventure of all.

The desert is covered with darkness but the train rushes on to its appointed goal. So also perhaps humanity is stumbling along though the night is dark and the goal hidden from us. Soon the day will come and instead of the desert there will be the blue-green sea to greet us.

II

EPILOGUE TO AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Three months ago to-day I celebrated in this prison my forty-fifth birthday, and I suppose I have still many years to live. Sometimes a sense of age and weariness steals over me, at other times I feel full of energy and vitality. I have a fairly tough body, and my mind has a capacity for recovering from shock, so I imagine I shall yet survive for long unless some sudden fate overtakes me. But the future has to be lived before it can be written about.

The adventures have not been very exciting perhaps; long years in prison can hardly be termed adventurous. Nor have they been in any way unique, for I have shared these years with their ups and downs with tens of thousands of my countrymen and countrywomen; and this record of changing moods, of exaltations and depressions, of intense activity and enforced solitude, is our common record. I have been one of a mass, moving with it, swaying it occasionally, being influenced by it; and yet, like the other units, an individual, apart from the others, living my separate life in the heart of the crowd. We have posed often enough and struck up attitudes, but there was something very real and intensely truthful in much that we did, and this lifted us out of our petty selves and made us more vital and gave us an importance that we would otherwise not have had. Sometimes we were fortunate enough to experience that fullness of life which comes from attempting to fit ideals with action. And we realized that any other life involving a renunciation of these ideals and a tame submission to superior force, would have been a wasted existence, full of discontent and inner sorrow.

To me these years have brought one rich gift, among many others. More and more I have looked upon life as an adventure of absorbing interest, where there is so much to learn, so much to do. I have continually had a feeling of growing up, and that feeling is still with me, and gives a zest to my activities as well as to the reading of books, and generally makes life worth while.

In writing this narrative I have tried to give my moods and thoughts at the time of each event, to represent as far as I could my feelings on the occasion. It is difficult to recapture a past mood, and it is not easy to forget subsequent happenings. Later ideas thus must inevitably have coloured my account of earlier days, but my object was, primarily for my own benefit, to trace my own mental growth. Perhaps what I have written is not so much an account of what I have been but of what I have sometimes wanted to be or imagined myself to be.

I often wonder if I represent any one at all, and I am inclined to think that I do not, though many have kindly and friendly feelings towards me. I have become a queer mixture of the East and West, out of place everywhere, at home nowhere. Perhaps my thoughts and approach to life are more akin to what is called Western than Eastern, but India clings to me, as she does to all her children, in innumerable ways; and behind me lie, somewhere in the subconscious, racial memories of a hundred, or whatever the number may be, generations of Brahmans. I cannot get rid of either that past inheritance or my recent acquisitions. They are both part of me, and, though they help me in both the East and the West, they also create in me a feeling of spiritual loneliness not only in public activities but in life itself. I am a stranger and alien in the West. I cannot be of it. But in my own country also, sometimes I have an exile's feeling.

The distant mountains seem easy of access and climbing,

the top beckons, but, as one approaches, difficulties appear, and the higher one goes the more laborious becomes the journey and the summit recedes into the clouds. Yet the climbing is worth the effort and has its own joy and satisfaction. Perhaps it is the struggle that gives value to life, not so much the ultimate result. Often it is difficult to know which is the right path; it is easier sometimes to know what is not right, and to avoid that is something after all. If I may quote, with all humility, the last words of the great Socrates: "I know not what death is—it may be a good thing, and I am not afraid of it. But I do know that it is a bad thing to desert one's past, and I prefer what may be good to what I know to be bad."

The years I have spent in prison! Sitting alone, wrapped in my thoughts, how many seasons I have seen go by, following each other into oblivion! How many moons I have watched wax and wane, and the pageant of the stars moving along inexorably and majestically! How many yesterdays of my youth lie buried here; and sometimes I see the ghosts of these dead yesterdays rise up, bringing poignant memories, and whispering to me: "Was it worth while?" There is no hesitation about the answer. If I were given the chance to go through my life again, with my present knowledge and experience added, I would no doubt try to make many changes in my personal life: I would endeavour to improve in many ways on what I had previously done, but my major decisions in public affairs would remain untouched. Indeed, I could not vary them, for they were stronger than myself, and a force beyond my control drove me to them.

It is almost exactly a year since my conviction; a year has gone by out of the two years of my sentence. Another full year remains, for there are no remissions this time, as simple imprisonment carries no such deductions. Even the eleven days that I was out in August last have been added on to the

period of my sentence. But this year, too, will pass, and I shall go out—and then? I do not know, but I have a feeling that a chapter of my life is over and another chapter will begin. What this is going to be I cannot clearly guess. The leaves of the book of life are closed.

III

THE LAST LETTER TO INDIRA[1]

We have finished, my dear; the long story has ended. I need write no more, but the desire to end off with a kind of flourish induces me to write another letter—the last letter!

It was time I finished, for the end of my two-year term draws near. In three and thirty days from to-day I should be discharged, if indeed I am not released sooner, as the gaoler sometimes threatens to do. The full two years are not over yet, but I have received three and a half months' remission of my sentence, as all well-behaved prisoners do. For I am supposed to be a well-behaved prisoner, a reputation which I have certainly done nothing to deserve. So ends my sixth sentence, and I shall go out again into the wide world, but to what purpose? *A quoi bon?*—when most of my friends and comrades lie in gaol and the whole country seems a vast prison.

What a mountain of letters I have written! And what a lot of good *swadeshi*[2] ink I have spread out on *swadeshi* paper. Was it worth while, I wonder? Will all this paper and ink convey any message to you that will interest you? You will say "Yes," of course, for you will feel that any other answer might hurt me, and you are too partial to me to take such a risk. But whether you care for them or not, you cannot grudge me the joy of having written them, day after day, during these two long years. It was winter when I came. Winter gave place to our brief spring, slain all too soon by the

[1] For over two years, with a short break when he was out of prison, J. N. continued to write letters to his daughter from prison, giving her an outline of world history.

[2] Home-made, that is, Indian made.

summer heat; and then when the ground was parched and dry and men and beasts panted for breath, came the monsoon with its bountiful supply of fresh and cool rain water. Autumn followed, and the sky was wonderfully clear and blue, and the afternoons were pleasant. The year's cycle was over, and again it began: winter and spring and summer and the rainy season. I have sat here, writing to you and thinking of you, and watched the seasons go by, and listened to the pit-a-pat of the rain on my barrack roof—

O doux bruit de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
Oh! le chant de la pluie![1]

Benjamin Disraeli, the great English statesman of the nineteenth century, has written that: "Other men condemned to exile and captivity, if they survive, despair; the man of letters may reckon those days as the sweetest of his life." He was writing about Hugo Grotius, a famous Dutch jurist and philosopher of the seventeenth century, who was condemned to imprisonment for life, but managed to escape after two years. He spent these two years in prison in philosophic and literary work. There have been many famous literary jail-birds, the two best known, perhaps, being the Spaniard, Cervantes, who wrote *Don Quixote*, and the Englishman, John Bunyan, the author of *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

I am not a man of letters and I am not prepared to say that the many years I have spent in jail have been the sweetest in my life, but I must say that reading and writing have helped me wonderfully to get through them. I am not a

[1] O soft sound of rain
On earth and on the roofs
For a heart that is pining
Oh! the song of the rain.

literary man, and I am not a historian; what, indeed am I? I find it difficult to answer that question. I have been a dabbler in many things; I began with science at college and then took to the law, and, after developing various other interests in life, finally adopted the popular and widely practised profession of jail-going in India!

You must not take what I have written in these letters as the final authority on any subject. A politician wants to have a say on every subject, and he always pretends to know much more than he actually does. He has to be watched carefully! These letters of mine are but superficial sketches joined together by a thin thread. I have rambled on, skipping centuries and many important happenings, and then pitching my tent for quite a long time on some event which interested me. As you will notice, my likes and dislikes are pretty obvious, and so also sometimes are my moods in gaol. I do not want you to take all this for granted; there may indeed be many errors in my accounts. A prison, with no libraries or reference books at hand, is not the most suitable place to write on historical subjects. I have had to rely very largely on the many note-books which I have accumulated since I began my visits to gaol twelve years ago. Many books have also come to me here; they have come and gone, for I could not collect a library here. I have shamelessly taken from these books facts and ideas; there is nothing original in what I have written. Perhaps occasionally· you may find my letters difficult to follow; skip those parts, do not mind them. The grown-ups in me got the better of me sometimes and I wrote as I should not have done.

I have given you the barest outline; this is not history; they are just fleeting glimpses of our long past. If history interests you, if you feel some of the fascination of history, you will find your way to many books which will help you to unravel the threads of past ages. But reading books alone will not help.

If you would know the past you must look upon it with sympathy and with understanding. To understand a person who lived long ago, you will have to understand his environment, the conditions under which he lived, the ideas that filled his mind. It is absurd for us to judge of past people as if they lived now and thought as we do. There is no one to defend slavery to-day, and yet the great Plato held that slavery was essential. Within recent times scores of thousands of lives were given in an effort to retain slavery in the United States. We cannot judge the past from the standards of the present. Everyone will willingly admit this. But everyone will not admit the equally absurd habit of judging the present by the standards of the past. The various religions have especially helped in petrifying old beliefs and faiths and customs, which may have had some use in the age and country of their birth, but which are singularly unsuitable in our present age.

If, then, you look upon past history with the eye of sympathy, the dry bones will fill up with flesh and blood, and you will see a mighty procession of living men and women and children in every age and every clime, different from us and yet very like us, with much the same human virtues and human failings. History is not a magic show, but there is plenty of magic in it for those who have eyes to see.

Inumerable pictures from the gallery of history crowd our minds. Egypt—Babylon—Nineveh—the old Indian civilizations—the coming of the Aryans to India and their spreading out over Europe and Asia—the wonderful record of Chinese culture—Knossos and Greece—Imperial Rome and Byzantium—the triumphant march of the Arabs across two continents—the renaissance of Indian culture and its decay—the little known Maya and Aztec civilizations of America—the vast conquests of the Mongols—the Middle Ages in Europe with their wonderful Gothic cathedrals—the coming of Islam to India and the Mughal Empire—the Renaissance

of learning and art in Western Europe—the discovery of America and the sea routes to the East—the beginnings of Western aggression in the East—the coming of the big machine and the development of capitalism—the spread of industrialism and European domination and imperialism—and the wonders of science in the modern world.

Great Empires have risen and fallen and been forgotten by man for thousands of years, till their remains were dug up again by patient explorers from under the sands that covered them. And yet many an idea, many a fancy has survived and proved stronger and more persistent than the Empire.

Egypt's might is tumbled down
Down a-down the deeps of thought;
Greece is fallen and Troy town,
Glorious Rome hath lost her crown,
    Venice' pride is nought.
But the dreams their children dreamed
Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain,
Shadowy as the shadows seemed,
Airy nothing, as they deemed,
    These remain.

So sings Mary Coleridge.

The past brings us many gifts; indeed, all that we have to-day of culture, civilization, science, or knowledge of some aspects of the truth, is a gift of the distant or recent past to us. It is right that we acknowledge our obligation to the past. But the past does not exhaust our duty or obligation. We owe a duty to the future also and perhaps that obligation is even greater than the one we owe to the past. For the past is past and done with, we cannot change it; the future is yet to come, and perhaps we may be able to shape it a little. If the past has given us some part of the truth, the future also hides many aspects of the truth and invites us to search for it. But

often the past is jealous of the future and holds us in a terrible grip, and we have to struggle with it to get free to face and advance towards the future.

History, it is said, has many lessons to teach us; and there is another saying that history never repeats itself. Both are true, for we cannot learn anything from it by slavishly trying to copy it, or by expecting it to repeat itself or remain stagnant; but we can learn something from it by prying behind it and trying to discover the forces that move it. Even so, what we get is seldom a straight answer. "History," says Karl Marx, "has no other way of answering old questions than by putting new ones."

The old days were days of faith; blind, unquestioning faith. The wonderful temples and mosques and cathedrals of past centuries could never have been built but for the overpowering faith of the architects and builders and people generally. The very stones they reverently put one on top of the other, or carved in beautiful designs, tell us of this faith. The old temple spire, the mosque with its slender minarets, the Gothic cathedral—all of them pointing upward with an amazing intensity of devotion, as if offering a prayer in stone or marble to the sky above—thrill us even now, though we may be lacking in that faith of old of which they are the embodiments. But the days of that faith are gone, and gone with them is that magic touch in stone. Thousands of temples and mosques and cathedrals continue to be built, but they lack the spirit that made them live during the Middle Ages. There is little difference between them and the commercial offices which are so representative of our age.

Our age is a different one; it is an age of disillusion, of doubt and uncertainty and questioning. We can no longer accept many of the ancient beliefs and customs; we have no more faith in them, in Asia or in Europe or America. So we search for new ways, new aspects of the truth more in har-

mony with our environment. And we question each other and debate and quarrel and evolve any number of "isms" and philosophies. As in the days of Socrates, we live in an age of questioning, but that questioning is not confined to a city like Athens; it is world-wide.

Sometimes the injustice, the unhappiness, the brutality of the world oppress us and darken our minds, and we see no way out. With Matthew Arnold, we feel that there is no hope in this world, and all we can do is to be true to one another.

For the world which seems
To lie before us, like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here, as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

And yet if we take such a dismal view we have not learnt aright the lesson of life or of history. For history teaches us of growth and progress and of the possibility of an infinite advance for man. And life is rich and varied, and though it has many swamps and marshes and muddy places, it has also the great sea, and the mountains, and snow, and glaciers, and wonderful star-lit nights (especially in jail!), and the love of family and friends, and the comradeship of workers in a common cause, and music and books, and the empire of ideas. So that each one of us may well say:

Lord, though I lived on earth, the child of earth,
Yet was I fathered by the starry sky.

It is easy to admire the beauties of the universe and to live in a world of thought and imagination. But to try to escape in this way from the unhappiness of others, caring little what

happens to them, is no sign of courage or fellow-feeling. Thought, in order to justify itself, must lead to action. "Action is the end of thought," says our friend Romain Rolland, "All thought which does not look towards action is an abortion and a treachery. If then we are the servants of thought we must be the servants of action."

People avoid action often because they are afraid of the consequences, for action means risk and danger. Danger seems terrible from a distance; it is not so bad if you have a close look at it. And often it is a pleasant companion, adding to the zest and delight of life. The ordinary course of life becomes dull at times, and we take too many things for granted and have no joy in them. And yet how we appreciate these common things of life when we have lived without them for a while! Many people go up high mountains and risk life and limb for the joy of the climb and the exhilaration that comes from a difficulty surmounted, a danger overcome; and because of the danger that hovers all around them, their perceptions get keener, their joy of the life which hangs by a thread, the more intense.

All of us have our choice of living in the valleys below, with their unhealthy mists and fogs, but giving a measure of bodily security; or of climbing the high mountains, with risk and danger for companions, to breathe the pure air above, and take joy in the distant views and welcome the rising sun.

I have given you many quotations and extracts from poets and others in this letter. I shall finish up with one more. It is from the *Gitanjali*; it is a poem, or prayer, by Rabindranath Tagore:

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

We have finished, carissima, and this last letter ends. The last letter! Certainly not! I shall write you many more. But this series ends, and so

Tāmam Shud![1]

[1] A Persian expression: "It is finished."



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